Saturday Review

JUNE 10, 1961 / 25¢

COMMUNICATIONS

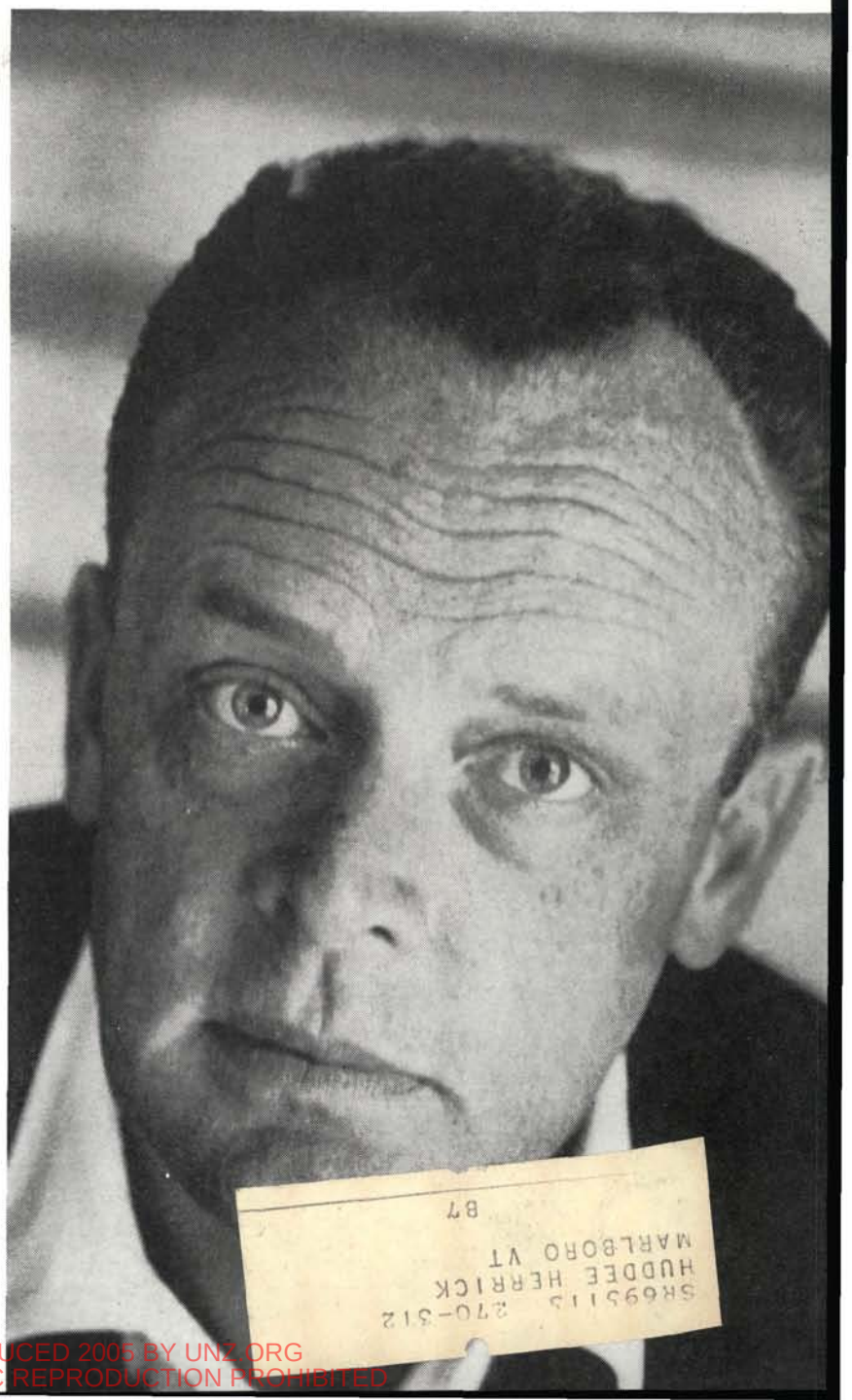
THE U. S. AND THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT

By William O. Douglas

ATING THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER: Part II

By John Tebbel

Edwin O'Connor, author of "The Edge of Sadness" (See Literary Horizons)



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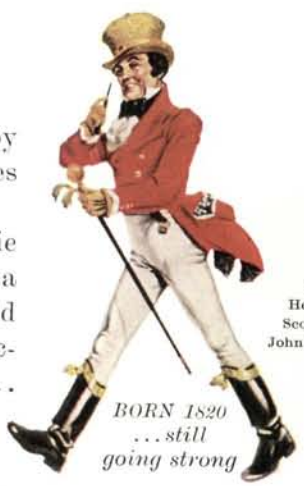

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The past year has been a highly successful one for literary wildlife. Two otters and a lioness have captivated thousands of American readers, and thousands more have traveled up the White Nile with Alan Moorehead. As it happens, all this year's magic of nature has been imported from other lands—till now.

I've just finished a book about as magical a place as any in the world. Everyone's heard of it, and it's been a part of the American scene since this country began. The place is Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and the book about it is "Nature's Year," a chronicle of the changing seasons by the edge of the ocean.

"Nature's Year" has the indelible hallmark of fine natural observation. The book's author, John Hay, manages to convey his wonder and excitement about nature without slopping over into mawkish sentiment; only the most perceptive observers can accept beauty and cruelty side by side—the essence of life close to nature.

Month by month, from tourist-crowded July to lonely February and back to summer again, Mr. Hay traces the lives (and deaths) of the Cape's inhabitants—some people, but principally the gulls, the insects, the animals and the plants who are the area's native residents.

One final note: the compositors who cope with this column won't allow me to reproduce pictures in this space. If they did, I'd show you one of the dozen exquisite woodcuts by David Grose which help to make "Nature's Year" the nature book of the year.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Nature's Year (*$4.50*), by John Hay with woodcuts by David Grose, is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be purchased from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida.

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Cover photograph by Hans Namuth

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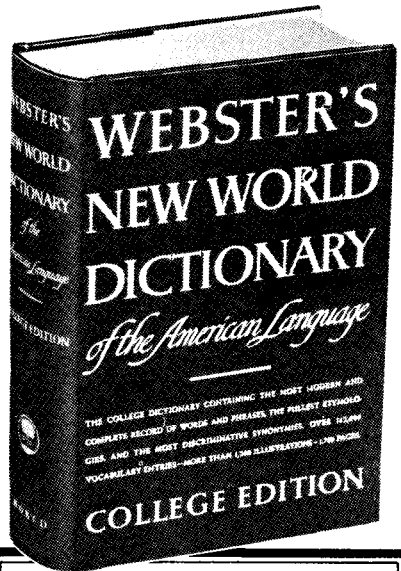
G

Among other things, G is a Roman numeral for 400 (P is, too); it is *slang* for $1,000; it is also a symbol, in *education*, for a grade of good; in *music*, for the fifth tone or note in the scale of C major, or the seventh in the scale of A minor. In *physics*, it stands for gravity and the acceleration of gravity, and in *psychology*, for general intelligence.

If you look in a *modern* dictionary, you will find all this information and more, directly following the G entry. You will also find G string with all its definitions. A *modern* dictionary is full of many surprising, illuminating, and informative things. If you're still using a dictionary put together many years ago, perhaps you ought to ask yourself: "Should I use a horse-and-buggy dictionary in the space age?" In a *modern* dictionary *every entry* is freshly defined — with clarity and directness — for the times in which we live. If you'd like to see a *modern* dictionary at its best, ask any bookseller to show you "the experts' dictionary."



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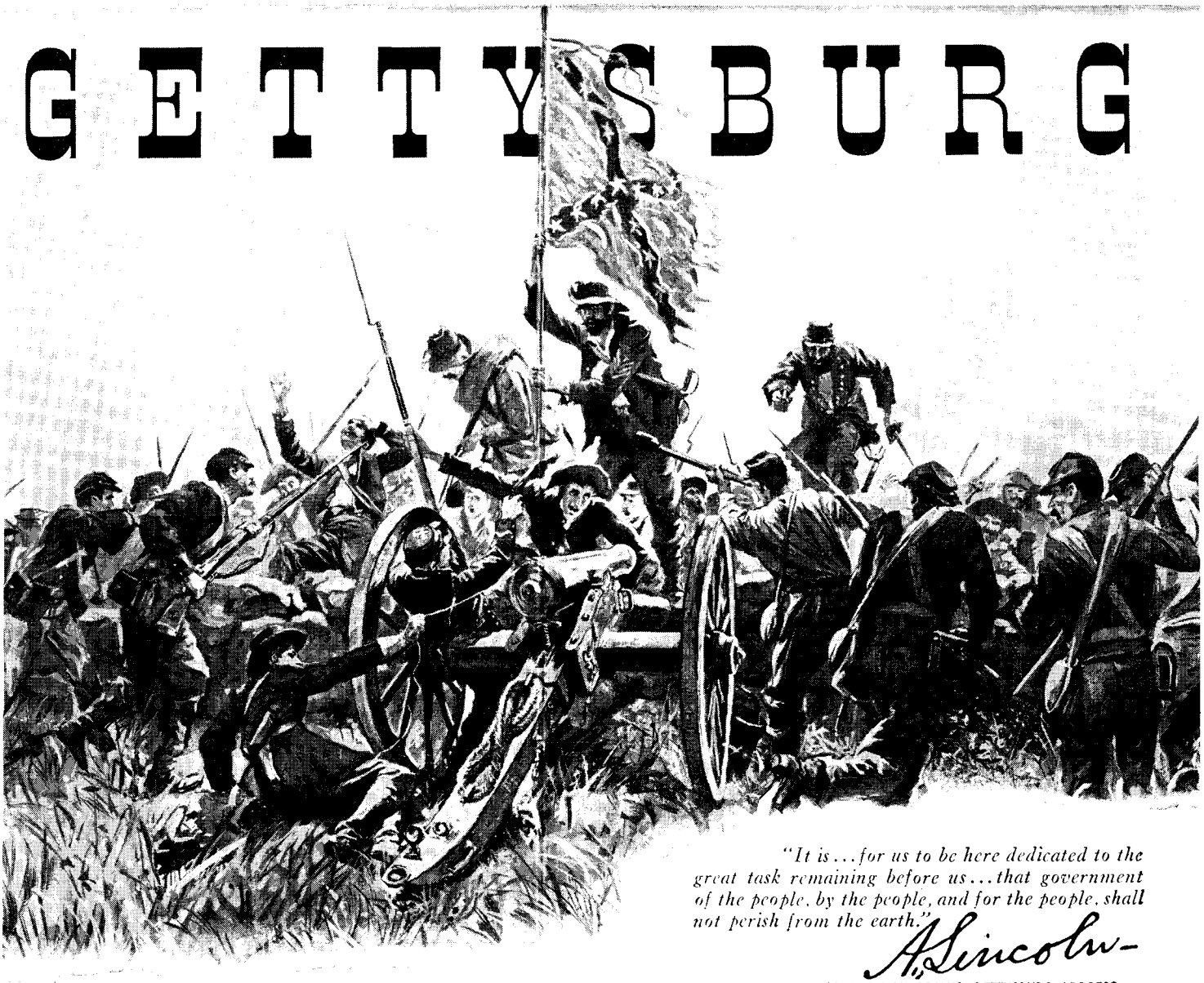

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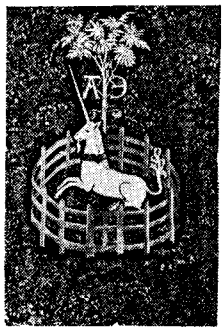

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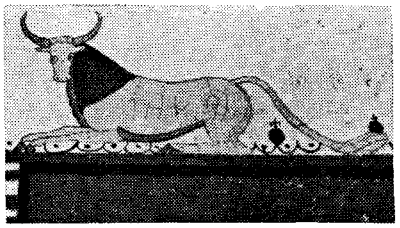

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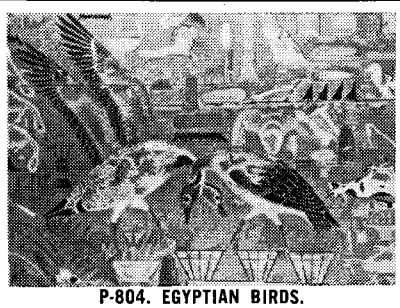

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Where There's No Will, There's Equanil

Edited by Martin Levin

BRAIN DUSTING

SHORTLY I will have a birthday, and I will be older than I ever intended when I was fifteen, and I have noticed that my head, as well as my battered frame, seems to be carrying a little more weight than is absolutely necessary.

Each spring, my wife cleans out her closets, and occasionally the attic, and when pushed, I go through the cellar and the garage, and get rid of such treasures as a three-pound can of hard putty and a set of 1932 license plates. What I'm getting at is that it seems abundantly evident to me that old father's noggin is long overdue for a spring cleaning, and so, for this day only, at incredibly low prices, hurry, hurry, hurry, assorted information that I don't really think I'll be needing again. Something for everybody, man, woman, and child. There is no catalogue, no reasonable offer refused, you have to take it away with you as you obtain it.

The proper setting for the spark gap of the plugs on a Model A Ford is a thin dime.

It is very entertaining to unwind the elastic bank that covers the core of a cut golf ball, but there is not much you can do with it when you get it unwound.

If you will stick the prongs of a pitchfork in the ground, firmly, and hit the handle with a piece of broomstick, worms will very often come up.

Fiddlehead ferns are edible, but not very.

It is not possible to lie on the bottom of a pond with a length of garden hose in your mouth and breathe, even if you have figured out a way to keep the end of the garden hose above water.

The legislature of the State of Tennessee once almost passed a law making pi equal four, instead of 3.14159, which would have made pretty strange-looking circles.

It is possible to stop a Model T Ford without brakes by shifting into reverse. You cannot strip the gears because the Model T worked on bands. If I told you about changing the bands on a Model T, you wouldn't believe me.

Girls do not understand about W. C. Fields.

No airplane ever takes off on time except the one to Montreal.

It is a big mistake on the part of a playwright to have a character on the stage light a cigarette when there is no smoking in the theatre.

When you heat mercuric oxide in a test tube, you get mercury, which can be carried around school in a matchbox, and is more entertaining than most high school teachers.

The man who used to do the golf routine with W. C. Fields was named Tammy Young.

Baby Peggy is not and never was Baby Rose Marie, and Baby Rose Marie is just plain Rose Marie now.

It is very bad business to play dominoes in Mexico City.

Writers do not talk very much about writing, but they talk a good deal about money.

Musicians are, generally, the most provincial people in the world.

The name of that beautiful actress was Elissa Landi.

A mirror reverses left to right, but not top to bottom, and no one knows why.

A sure way to sell an expensive radio is to put a lot of bass in it: people invariably say, "My, how rich that sounds."

Pig nuts are not very good to eat.

Henty wrote "The Cat of Bubastes," not Sax Rohmer.

I am sorry, I have run across a piece of information wedged firmly against my medulla oblongata which I do not think I can get along without. It is Murphy's Law, which states, "If anything can go wrong, it will."

I think I'll keep it. Sorry, sale's over.

—ROBERT PAUL SMITH.

• • •

THE TIME THEY KILLED HOOKY

DRUGS HELP CURE FEARS OF SCHOOL

Tranquilizers Speed Return
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Psychiatric Clinic Finds
—NEW YORK TIMES.

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Bas relief from Malatesta Church at Rimini

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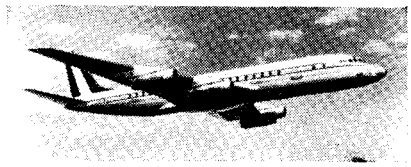

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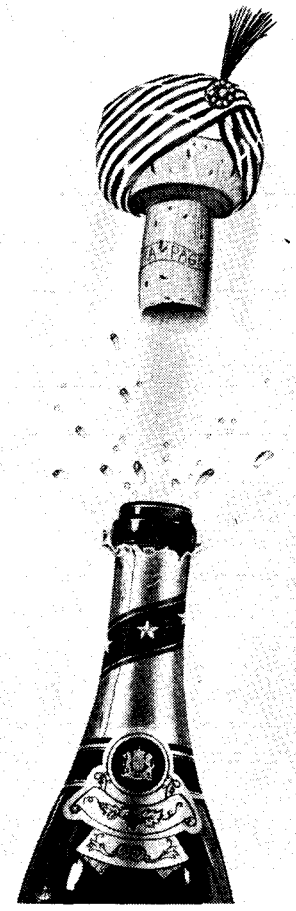

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out forever. At first a few parents balked at slipping kiddies the new drug, but once it was found to be tasteless in peanut butter, they were quickly won over.

Never on schooldays did a child show up at a movie matinee. Fear of school turned to love, and science found that, with certain additives, the drug also swept away such allied phobias as fear of summer camp, fear of school bus drivers, and fear of sandbox.

The first hint of trouble came in Cincinnati one night when a school janitor found a sixth-grade boy clinging to the leg of a cafeteria table. On prying him loose, it was discovered he suffered from a fear of going home. A few teachers felt a chill on reading about it, but psychiatrists put it down to a simple case of overdosage.

The next June, however, a high school commencement in Colorado laid the problem squarely on the line. A class of some 300 tranquilized Seniors flatly refused to graduate. Across the nation that summer, sit-in strikes swept schools as graduates protested leaving. Those going on to college relieved the situation only temporarily. Once there, they refused to budge further and stayed on to collect remarkable strings of degrees. Even cutting off their tranquilizers, at this point, failed to kick the school-going habit.

The whole educational system backed up. Queues of kindergarten-age children waited tranquilly in the streets at excavation sites of new schools. The manufacture of playground equipment and squeaky chalk became Big Business. Retirement at sixty-five was suspended to permit fathers to go on working to support middle-aged children still in college. PTA and Student Councils became the most powerful lobbies in Washington, while Alumni Associations failed for lack of alumni.

Just when it appeared America might turn into one big schoolhouse, a ninth-grade teacher in Memphis came down with a nervous tic which her psychiatrist diagnosed as "a fear of school, maybe complicated by a fear of fearless schoolchildren."

"Better try a tranquilizer," he advised her.

"No thanks. I'll just play hooky," the teacher replied, and sneaked off to become a poncho-weaver in Guatemala.

It was the first ripple in a slow drift back to normalcy. —W. F. MIKSCH.

• • •

MONDAY

Monday is always
the worst day of the weak.
—HOWARD GOSHORN.

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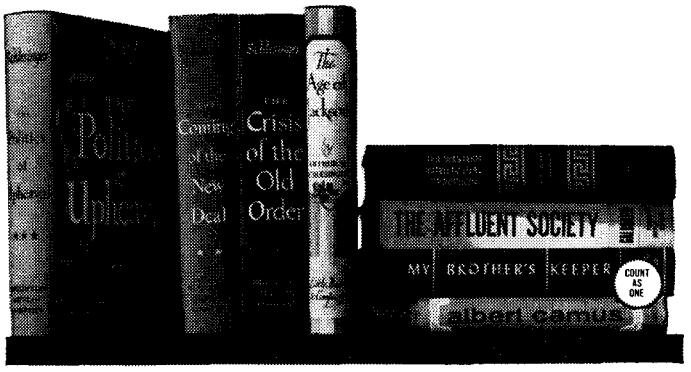

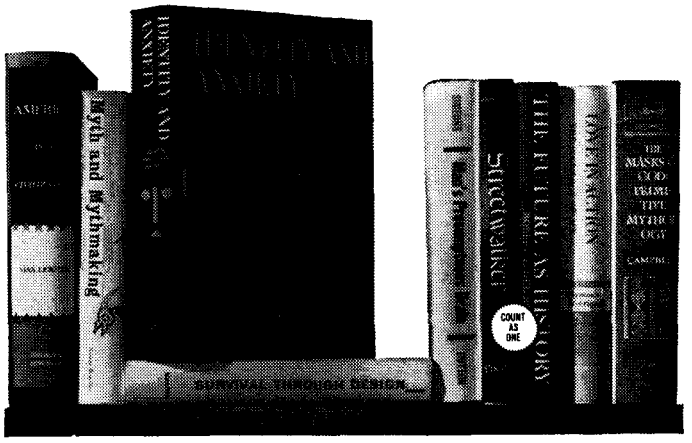

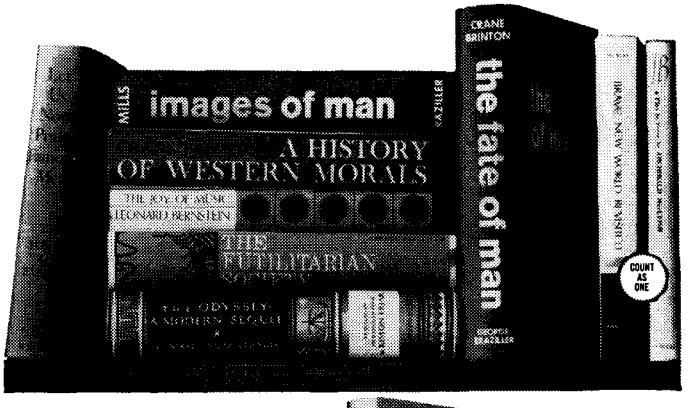

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

A NATIONWIDE agent in Virginia answered his phone:

"Come quick!" shouted a woman whose voice he recognized as that of one of his policyholders. "My kitchen's on fire!"

"I'll be right over," the agent said. "Have you called the fire department?"

"No."

"Well, why not?"

"Why, I thought *you* were supposed to do that You're our *agent* aren't you?"

Things like this happen so frequently to Nationwide agents we've concluded the insurance agent today is a sort of father image. (Equation: Insurance = Protection = Father.) Anyway, —

AN OHIO policyholder whose wife had left him asked his Nationwide agent to persuade her to come back. "If *you* can't do it," he said, "nobody can."

The agent did it. (And in the process sold the lady's daughter an $11,000 life insurance policy; but that's another story.)

IN A SMALL town in Pennsylvania, the teen-age son of a Nationwide policyholder asked an agent to teach him to drive. "My father tried to," the boy explained, "but he quit when I hit a tree."

The agent accepted the challenge.

The day the boy got his license, his father called on the agent, thanked him, presented him with a citation "for bravery far above and beyond the call of duty."

P.S.: In addition to their duties as father images, Nationwide agents sell insurance. Right now, for example, they're featuring a Family Non-Occupational Accident Policy that provides coverage for spouse and all dependent children (regardless of the number) between 14 days and 19 years old (or to age 23 if a full-time student attending a recognized educational institution). Annual premium: only $15. Why not call your nearest Nationwide agent for full details? (Do it today though; tomorrow he may be diapering somebody's baby.)

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TRADE Winds

IF THERE ARE any more publishing house mergers, we're going to start needing an automatic computer to keep track of them. It's Random House again, as if it could be anyone else, that has acquired ownership of Pantheon Books, the small but distinguished house that has fostered such titles as "Doctor Zhivago," "Born Free," "The Leopard,"

and "Gift from the Sea." Kyrill Schabert will remain as president of the subsidiary, along with vice president Jerry Gross. The Pantheon editorial policy will remain independent.

Flashing back to recent history, we've received an up-to-date report on the previous merger of Random House and Alfred Knopf.

"Everything's great," said a spokesman. "The people are getting along fabulously together. The only trouble is we can't get the IBM systems to cooperate!"

WE REPORTED in TRADE WINDS, over a year ago, on the professor who tried desperately to resign from a book club, only to be hounded by new books and perforated billing cards every month, in spite of his frenzied pleas. His ultimate solution, you may recall, was to punch several new holes in a card, returning it to the book club without comment. He's been liberated ever since.

Now a harassed suburban housewife we know tells us that the electric meter man arrived recently, right after a month of particularly heavy electric usage in the house. After he came up the cellar stairs with his record cards, the housewife inquired anxiously about the total consumption that month.

"You know," said the meter man, "ever since they've been using these blasted punched cards, I can't tell *anything* about the amount of current you use. Couple of years ago, I could give you your whole history for twenty years back!"

MACHINES CONTINUE TO confound man on every front. One well-known writer received an automatically addressed communication from a conservative business magazine, pleading for his subscription.

"This is a special offer, a valuable offer," said the letter, "made only to *business men*. No writers, musicians, composers are permitted to take advantage of this. . . ."

In a bit of a huff, the writer sat down and declined the offer in order to save his professional standing.

WE HAVEN'T MADE a study of how automatic computers will affect the Stock Exchange, but we did pick up a story about what happened to another writer, who suddenly found himself liquid enough to invest in some stock for the first time in his life. He explored the mysteries of the Big Board timidly, and finally decided to take a plunge on a stock that sounded good to his neophyte ears: AT&T.

"I just got a hunch," he told a sophisticated financial friend of his. "I don't know anything about the stock market, but I've got a deep, mystic

feeling about a stock called AT&T. If this tip will help you—use it."

The financial man snickered and told the writer to go back to his typewriter. "This is what we call a blue-chip staple, son," he said. "It's not exactly what you call a hot tip."

The next day AT&T went up seven points.

NOW THAT ASTRONAUTS are no longer a matter of science fiction, two recent books have come along to probe soberly in the other direction: inner space. As part of its World Perspectives series, Harper is offering "Challenge of Psychical Research," by Dr. Gardner Murphy, and Doubleday is publishing "A Life After Death," by Dr. S. Ralph Harlow. Both are meticulous and cautious in their observations of paranormal phenomena.

A grandmother cuts short her vacation because she dreams her grandson

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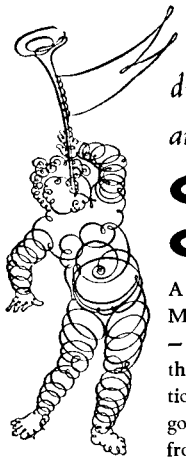

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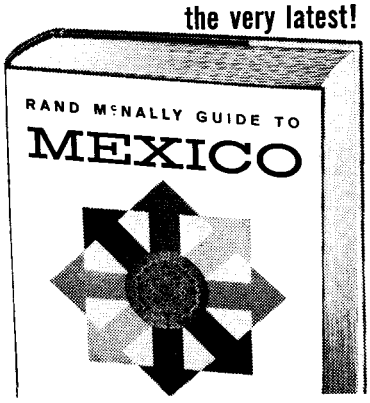

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is burning with fever, and her brother comes up to her in the dream with his head bleeding profusely. The grandmother returns to her daughter's house to find the first part of her dream is true. She is relieved to find that the second part is false—until her brother is carried in from his job as a telephone lineman, a large cut in his head, less than an hour after her arrival. This is only one story, fully corroborated, in Dr. Murphy's book.

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COMING UP in October is a new book of prodigious proportions which some of the people at World Publishing claim will surpass the accomplishments of "Gone with the Wind." It is MacKinlay Kantor's new novel, "Spirit Lake," which he has been working on since 1956. World recently revealed that the few who have read the manuscript proclaim it to be *The* novel of American pioneers. The manuscript is reported to consist of almost 1,000 pages.

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(From *Horizon*, January, 1961)

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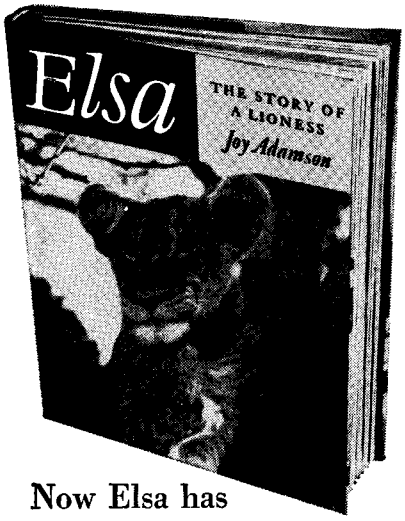

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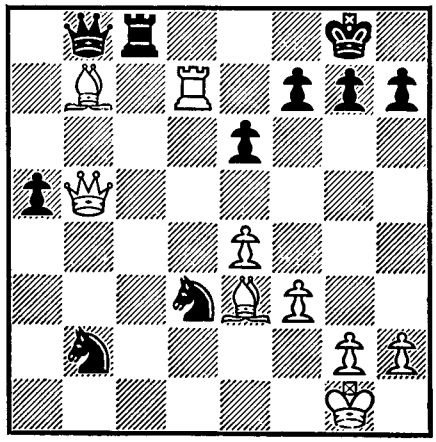
Chess Corner No. 54

FOR good and sufficient reason, in the mind of the layman the grand master of chess is surrounded by a halo of perfection. Here is the personification of the all-knowing, never blundering automaton, who sees myriads of moves ahead, unerringly separates the good from the bad, and easily and convincingly demonstrates the proper course of action. By and large, this is true. Taken as a whole, the titans of chess history have a well-deserved reputation for quickness and keenness of mind.

There are times, however, few and far between, when even Jupiter nods. And when this occurs, the story, if there is a story, and the position are recorded indelibly in the chess archives. Once, for example, one of the chess elite announced a mate in three. When this made no impression on his opponent, who was expected to resign forthwith but didn't, the announcer rechecked his calculation and changed his tune to "mate in four." When this did not register with the opponent, the announcer again rechecked. This time, after long deliberation, he came up with "I resign." Again, there is the case of the master who was awarded a brilliancy prize for a game he really did not play. During the contest, one of the players inadvertently pushed a piece off the board. It was reset, but on the wrong square. And, based upon the new, fabricated position, the brilliancy was executed. Neither player (of master rank) noticed the omission.

In the heat of battle grand masters have overlooked mates in one, in two, and in three. Below is the position of the game Fairhurst-Reshevsky, in which Black missed a forced mate. Not only that; he missed it twice in a row, and White, too, was oblivious to its possibility.

Do you see it?



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—AL HOROWITZ.

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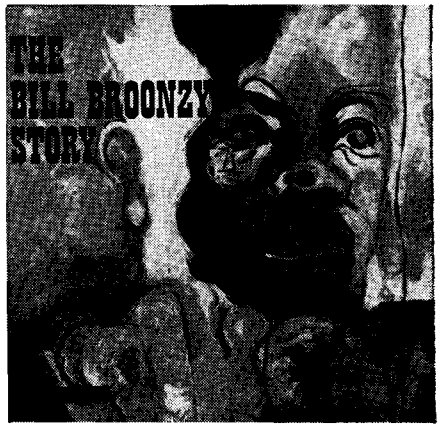

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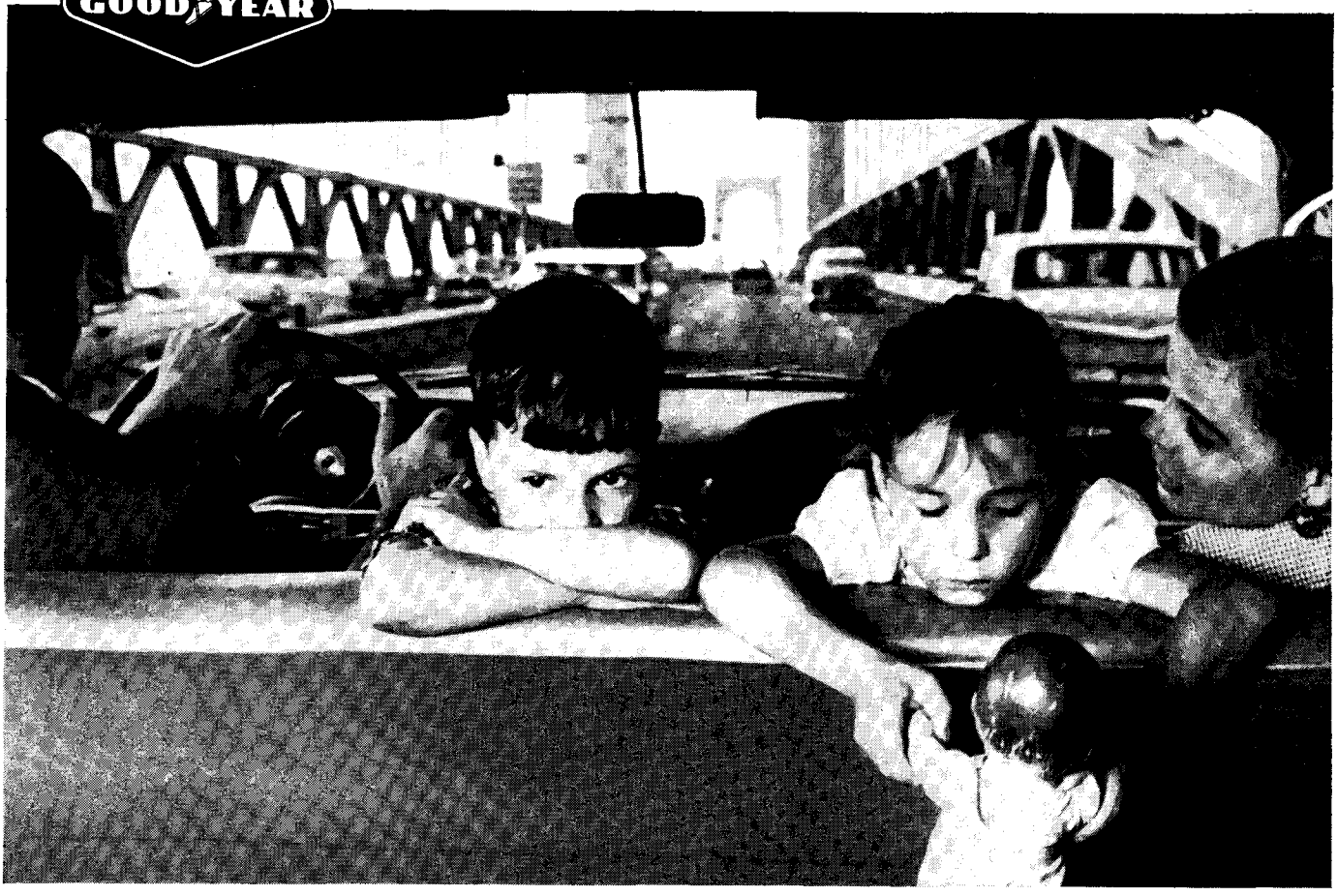

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Saturday Review
JUNE 10, 1961

THE U. S. AND THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT

The United States has traditionally gloried in its revolutionary heritage. More often than not, our moral support has instinctively gone out to younger nations struggling for independence and self-determination. But are we still comfortable in the presence of revolutionary movements? Do we still believe in revolution for others when others want it? Events today make it clear that, whether we like it or not, there is going to be revolution in the world for a long time to come. What should our attitude toward it be in the light of our own revolutionary past? The following article by William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is one response to that critical question. His statement, together with the views of five other prominent Americans, is being published this month by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions under the title "The U.S. and Revolution." (Single copies are available without charge from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California.)

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

WE AMERICANS were born in revolution. The Declaration of Independence states our creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

About fifteen of our states preserved from time to time in their constitutions the right of revolution. A Pennsylvania court described the three ways of effecting a change in its state government:

"The words 'in such manner as they may think proper,' in the declaration of rights, embrace but three known recognised modes by which the whole people, the state, can give their consent to an alteration of an existing lawful frame of government, viz:

"1) The mode provided in the existing constitution.

"2) A law, as the instrumental process of raising the body for revision and conveying to it the powers of the people.

"3) A revolution.

"The first two are peaceful means through which the consent of the people to alteration is obtained, and by which the existing government consents to be displaced without revolution. The government gives its consent, either by pursuing the mode provided in the constitution, or by passing a law to call a convention. If consent be not so given by the existing government the remedy of the people is in the third mode—revolution."

Abraham Lincoln called the Declaration of Independence the "immortal emblem of humanity." There were judges and lawyers in Lincoln's day who argued that it covered only members of the white family, not colored people. In 1857 Lincoln said:

"I think the authors of that notable instrument intended to include *all* men, but they did not intend to declare all men equal *in all respects*. They did not mean to say all were equal in color, size, intellect, moral developments, or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness, in what respects they did consider all men created equal—equal in 'certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This they said, and this meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, nor yet, that they were about

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to confer it immediately upon them. In fact they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the *right,* so that the *enforcement* of it might follow as fast as circumstances should permit. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all, and revered by all; constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people of all colors everywhere."

In 1861 Lincoln said that the Declaration of Independence gave "hope to the world for all future time. It . . . gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance."

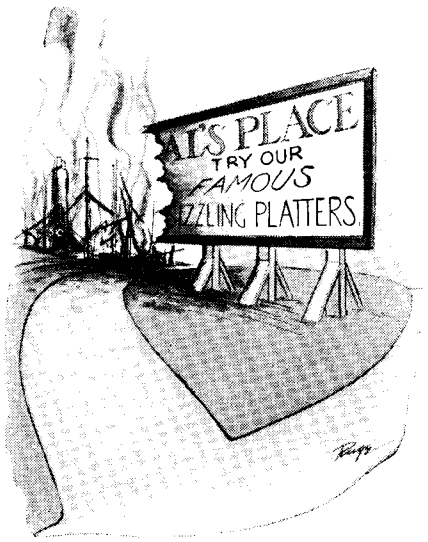
Yet in the American witch-hunt that followed World War II the word "revolution" became almost subversive. We of the West—rich in the democratic tradition of revolution—no longer published books on the subject. We let the Communists pre-empt the field. Those who wanted books on "How to Conduct a Revolution" had to get them from the Communist press. Indeed, we lost our pride in "revolution" as an American concept and identified it largely with Communism. The prejudice of Americans against "revolution" was so great that if a student had asked at the loan desk in any library for a book on how to conduct a revolution, the librarian would probably have detained him while she called the FBI.

SUCH an attitude—though humorous in retrospect—produced serious consequences during the last several decades. On trips to Asia I often asked men in their thirties and forties what they were reading when they were eighteen. They usually answered "Karl Marx"; and when I asked them why, they replied, "We were under colonial rule, seeking a way out. We wanted our independence. To get it we had to make revolution. The only books on revolution were published by the Communists."

These men almost invariably had repudiated Communism as a political cult, retaining, however, a tinge of socialism. As I talked with them, I came to realize the great opportunities we missed when we became preoccupied in fighting Communism with bombs and with dollars, rather than with ideas of revolution, of freedom, of justice.

During this century, Australia, Europe, Japan, New Zealand, and North America have not been interested in revolution for themselves, because their institutions usually had built-in procedures for change. But the other continents—Africa, Asia, and South America—placed their hopes on revolution. Those under colonial rule long dreamed of their independence, just as we dreamed of our independence from England. Sometimes their dreams were hardly more than intellectual pursuits. Under Gandhi, however, India experienced an awakening that generated more power than tanks and artillery. In Vietnam vast underground operations were launched against the French. Africa has seen tumultuous conflicts between colonial rulers and the masses.

One reading American history and the stirring sentences of our Declaration of Independence would suppose that we would be on the side of the people and against the colonial rulers. The contrary has been true. The Dean Achesons who staffed our State Department stood firmly against Indonesian independence for five long years. The Henry Cabot Lodges who manned the United Nations stood resolutely against independence for Morocco or Algeria or Vietnam. By the mid-twentieth century we had become members of a rather plush club whose members wore Homburgs, who were highly respectable, and who stood for the status quo. This was our consistent policy under Truman and Eisenhower. Not until the Kennedy administration did we change. On March 15, 1961, the tide turned when we supported the resolution in the United Nations in favor of Angola and against Portugal. Until that day we had either voted against independence resolutions or abstained. Until that day we stood with the respectable European colonial regimes and against those who pleaded for independence, at times with raucous voices. Indeed, without our financial support France would not have been able to subdue her subject peoples as long as she has.



The twentieth-century revolutions are not, however, all aimed at colonial regimes of the Western type. Some are aimed at colonial regimes of the Communist type. Hungary is one example; Tibet is another; Yugoslavia is a third. Whenever those revolutions start, we show interest and concern, sometimes committing ourselves heavily. They are deserving of our support. But no more so than the others. The intelligentsia made out much better under the British than they would under any Communist regime.

THE British were generous in educating the intelligentsia in their colonies; the French and the Dutch were more niggardly in that regard. And it is certain that Gandhi would never have survived a Communist regime. Yet the lot of "natives" under every colonial regime has been so miserable that one at the bottom would not know the difference between being ruled by a Communist or by a man in a Homburg. Leopold, who ran the Congo from 1885 to 1908, took between five and eight million lives, according to John Gunther in "Inside Africa." Amputation of hands and legs was introduced by the Europeans as a method of discipline; and the bosses of the labor gangs, to establish their efficiency, kept the cut-off parts, often smoking them to preserve them in the humid climate. Most European powers never matched this cruelty. But none of them ever made educational opportunities available to the masses.

If the United States wants to acquire a position of moral leadership in the world, if the United States wants enough prestige to rally United Nations votes for humanitarian democratic causes in the days ahead, we must become the protagonist of independence for all peoples.

Revolution in the twentieth century means much more than rebellion against colonial regimes. In vast areas of the world it means revolution against feudalism. There is political feudalism wherever the people have no voice in their affairs. There is political feudalism where a dynasty has the trappings of a parliamentary system but manipulates it for the benefit of the ruling class. There is political feudalism where a family or some other oligarchy controls. One who leaves Israel, Lebanon, and Turkey behind and moves east to Formosa will find very, very few countires that are not under feudal control. India is an exception. Burma is

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another. Pakistan has popular elections only at the village level. Most other nations make hardly a pretense of letting the people share in government at any level.

There is no growth in democratic traditions unless there is a chance to develop them. There is no opportunity as long as the people do not exercise the franchise. The principle of "the consent of the governed" is distinctly American and should be our world-wide slogan. The Achesons and the Lodges are disdainful of it because "natives" are obviously incapable of governing themselves. It is plain that no people can evolve overnight systems of democracy such as we know in the West. But the weight of our prestige and influence should be on the side of helping people get those concessions from their government. Why should billions upon billions be poured into nations with no strings attached? Is not one good method of fighting Communism the creation of democratic institutions where none ever existed?

Why should we not say to a dictator who wants aid that we will give it only if we are assured that he starts his people on the path of democracy as Ataturk did in Turkey? Feudal overlords, feasting on American aid, are no bulwark against Communism. They indeed create the conditions that make an eventual takeover by the Communists almost inevitable. We have attached other conditions to our aid—that military bases be supplied, that the dollars be spent in this country, etc. Why not attach conditions that will tend to create democratic institutions?

Revolution in the twentieth century also means rebellion against another kind of feudalism—economic feudalism. Many areas in Africa, Asia, and South America are distinguished by the monopolies in land ownership. A few families often own an entire country. In some nations a group of landlords who are favorites at court or who support the dictator in power own most of the wealth. In nation after nation the bulk of the people are sharecroppers of the worst kind. They live on a subsistence level. They have no doctors, no first-aid centers, no schools. Sons inherit only the debts of their fathers. In some countries one-crop economies reduce the annual cash income to miserable amounts. The peon in Cuba has averaged $18 a year.

South America has known palace revolutions for decades. Only recently has she experienced a revolution in depth. Cuba's example may be contagious; but that pattern need not be repeated if we have the courage to play the democratic role agressively.

The United States should promote democratic revolutions against these conditions of economic feudalism. We as democrats cannot become subversive in the Communist style and form undergrounds within each nation, undergrounds bent on overthrow by force and violence. But we can be aligned with, not against, economic democracy. For without advances on that frontier we never can expect to have viable democratic societies in these newly emerging nations.

To date we have thrown our weight for the most part on the other side. When Guatemala showed signs of revolt, we helped install a fascist regime. When Mossadegh in Persia started basic reforms, we became alarmed. That man, whom I am proud to call my friend, was a democrat in the La Follette-Norris sense of the term. We united with the British to destroy him; we succeeded; and ever since our name has not been an honored one in the Middle East.

For the promotion of revolution on the economic frontier our role is plain. Whenever we see a non-Communist in power who has a reform program, we can throw our weight behind him. When we advance aid, we can do so only if starts are made on economic programs. An American banker never finances a project unless he sees the blueprint and is convinced it is constructive. We need not employ bankers' standards. But we should employ democratic standards. Is a start being made on land reform? Will the factories to be built be worked by sweatshop labor? Will the dam to be constructed serve only the landlords or will the new lands coming under irrigation be opened up in small units to peasants? Is Point Four aid being extended only for the favored few or is it part of a program whereby large estates are broken up and sold to the peasants? Are the factories being built with American dollars to be appropriated by the ruling clique, as has happened over and over again in Formosa, or will independent groups be allowed to bid freely and make a start toward establishing a free enterprise society? Under Truman and Eisenhower we asked few such questions. Our theory was that if each nation in underdeveloped areas got richer by millions each year, Communism would somehow be defeated. Even irrigation projects were not conditioned on restrictions in the acreage of land that a single family might own, such as we have used with conspicuous success in this country. Under our foreign aid the rich in feudal societies got richer and richer, and the poor were held tightly in a vise. This practice helped spark the Iraqi revolution of July, 1958.

The three revolutions that the peoples of the world demand are 1) revolution against colonialism; 2) revolution against political feudalism; 3)

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Behind the Lace Curtains

By Granville Hicks

A FINE old lady of my acquaintance, who died not long ago at the age of eighty-five, was in general quite free from religious, racial, or national bias, but all her life she took a dark view of Irish Catholics, particularly those who lived in Boston. I am glad that she was spared the last Presidential election, for though her sympathies would have been on the Democratic side, I don't believe that she could have brought herself to vote for the grandson of John F. ("Honey") Fitzgerald. The explanation, of course, is that she grew up in Boston—not at all in the Back Bay region but in a middle-class section that, in her girlhood, was being overrun by the Irish. She never forgave them for it.

In her opinion the Boston Irish were a special breed, and I think they have tended to hold the same view of themselves. Edwin O'Connor seems to have taken them over as his particular province, and they are serving him as well as the proper Bostonians served J. P. Marquand. In "The Last Hurrah" he did a portrait of an old-line political boss, a man whose similarities to James M. Curley were not overlooked by Mr. Curley himself. In **"The Edge of Sadness"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5) he has shown three generations of an Irish Catholic family. (In neither book, by the way, does O'Connor name Boston, but he doesn't need to.)

In "The Edge of Sadness" the narrator, Father Hugh Kennedy, begins by saying: "This story at no point becomes my own. I am in it—good heavens, I'm in it to the point of almost never being out of it!—but the story belongs, all of it, to the Carmodys, and my own part, while substantial enough, was never really of any great significance at all." This is not quite accurate, for what happens to Father Kennedy turns out to be of first importance. But at the outset he is concerned to show us the Carmodys and especially old Charlie.

Charlie Carmody, a man of eighty-one at the time of the story, is the novel's central figure and O'Connor's most impressive creation. We see him in many different lights before the book is ended, and he remains elusive, as human beings always do; but certain things are clear. Born in extreme poverty, he fought hard for survival. By ways about which O'Connor is not altogether explicit, he became a wealthy man, but the driving force within him was not spent with the achievement of success. He still had to impose himself on everyone with whom he came in contact, and in his old age, as we look at him, he is still engaged in fashioning an image of himself and compelling others to accept it. As things turn out, that is why Father Kennedy is invited to Charlie's birthday party, which is where the novel starts.

As almost goes without saying, in the course of building a pedestal for his ego Charlie has done great damage to his children, who were Father Kennedy's contemporaries. Mary, whom he made his slave, is broken in spirit. Dan has escaped to become a ne'er-do-well, rushing from one wild scheme to another. John, a priest, is still rebelling against his father and destroying himself in the process. (Charlie, in the one hour in which he faces the truth, says to Father Kennedy: "And John. John with the brains. He's a boy that never gave me a day's worry. And that never gave me a day's love.") Finally, there is Helen, who once told her father that she hated him and who now wishes that she could love him and cannot.

Father Kennedy, who tells us all this, has his own problems. He entered the priesthood with confidence, and spent fifteen busy years as curate of a prosperous and solidly Irish parish. Then his father died painfully, and, looking at his life, he suddenly found it meaningless. He turned to alcohol, and as a result spent four years at what he calls "a way station—and, in some cases, a final home—for the errant priest." After his recovery, the bishop made him rector of St. Paul's, a parish from which the Irish had been ousted by "Syrians, Greeks, some Italians, a few Chinese, the advance guard of Puerto Ricans." And here he is when the book begins, living to himself, doing his duty, but involving himself deeply in nothing.

O'Connor blends his themes skilfully, for it is by way of the Carmodys that Father Kennedy is restored to participation in life. Although it is John, the rebellious priest, who speaks the decisive words, they all help, and not least old Charlie. His vitality has to be respected, though the ways in which it expresses itself are often deplorable.

As for the third generation of Carmodys, its representative is Ted O'Donnell, Helen's son, who is running for Congress. He is not at all in awe of his grandfather; in fact, he regards him as something of a joke. But it is not only old Charlie whose influence Ted has escaped; he has really separated himself from the cultural traditions of the Boston Irish, and is a typical young American of the postwar generation, perhaps a good deal like the young Boston Irishman in the White House. Father Kennedy is not altogether happy with the result.

O'Connor has done well with all the Carmodys, and he has also done well with his priest-narrator. "I don't think many people know very much about priests," Father Kennedy observes. "I'm not thinking now about anything so complicated as the psychology of the religious, or the motives for vocation; I mean just the ordinary simple matter of how priests live from day to day, how they fill in their idle hours." O'Connor does not make such a point of his knowledgeability as J. F. Powers does in some of his stories of the priesthood, but he knows a great deal, enough to give Father Kennedy substance and to make his predicament moving.

It is in contemplating the resolution of his problem that Father Kennedy speaks of "a touch of regret, an edge of sadness." In deciding to stay at poor old St. Paul's with its polyglot population, he is cutting himself off forever from a world in which he once found satisfaction. O'Connor, too, I take it, feels some sadness as he regards the past, the great days of Charlie Carmody or, in "The Last Hurrah," of Frank Skeffington. His Boston is vanishing as truly as Marquand's. But he is too wise to be dominated by nostalgia, and he makes it clear that, after his melancholy moment, Father Kennedy looks to the future with joy.

"The Edge of Sadness" has less excitement in it than "The Last Hurrah," and it may not be so popular, but I think it is a sounder piece of work. Even the minor characters are sharply defined, and the two themes, as I have said, are firmly integrated. It is no mistake to compare O'Connor with Marquand, who wrote so often about the other Boston. He is as careful a student of manners, and he has the same skill in suggesting a way of life. And he has also found an area in which the novel of manners can still function.

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Blight in the Bush

"Congo: Background of Conflict," by Alan P. Merriam *(Northwestern University Press. 317 pp. $6), and* ***"The Congo: A Brief History and Appraisal," by Maurice N. Hennessy*** *(Praeger. 115 pp. $3.50), survey the past and the prospects of the former Belgian colony. Peter Ritner wrote "Death of Africa."*

By Peter Ritner

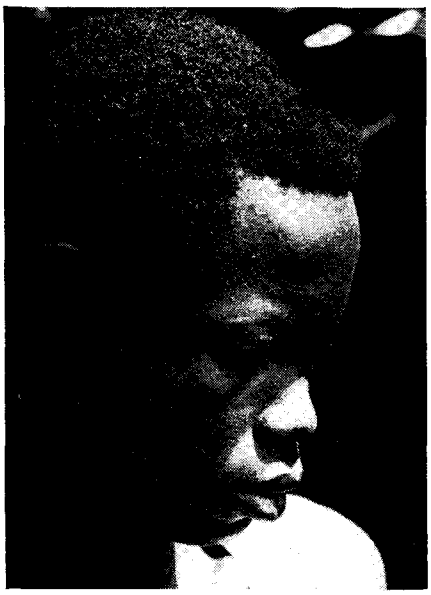
ANYONE asking about the recent renaissance of serious magazines may be presented, as an answer, with a copy of either of these sound little books: the anthropologist Alan P. Merriam's "Congo: Background of Conflict," Number 6 in Northwestern University Press's series on Africa, and Maurice Hennessy's sturdy study "The Congo." Events of immense portentousness are simply moving too fast for the "lead-time" of American book publishers—not only events in Africa but also in space, defense, Latin America, and so on. Both these authors have given us able surveys of the geography, history, economic prospects, political parties, and the independence movement of the former Belgian colony. Dr. Merriam may be a trifle more optimistic than Mr. Hennessy. But that is not the point. Dr. Merriam penned his last word in October 1960. Mr. Hennessy just barely managed to catch the arrest of Lumumba in the last chapter and his murder in a postscript.

Since then the revolving wheel has struck a few more important sparks: the Federalist scheme hatched in Madagascar (does it mean anything now?); the eclipse of Kasavubu (or is he just lying low?); the fantastic miscalculation and subsequent downfall of Moise Tshombe (is he gone for good?). I wish we had the assessments and opinions of Dr. Merriam and Mr. Hennessy on these and other matters. But to get them we will have to refer to articles in magazines like *Encounter*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Commentary* —which are perforce becoming the library of the man who wants to keep up with the modern political world. And even *they* are having their troubles with the Congo.

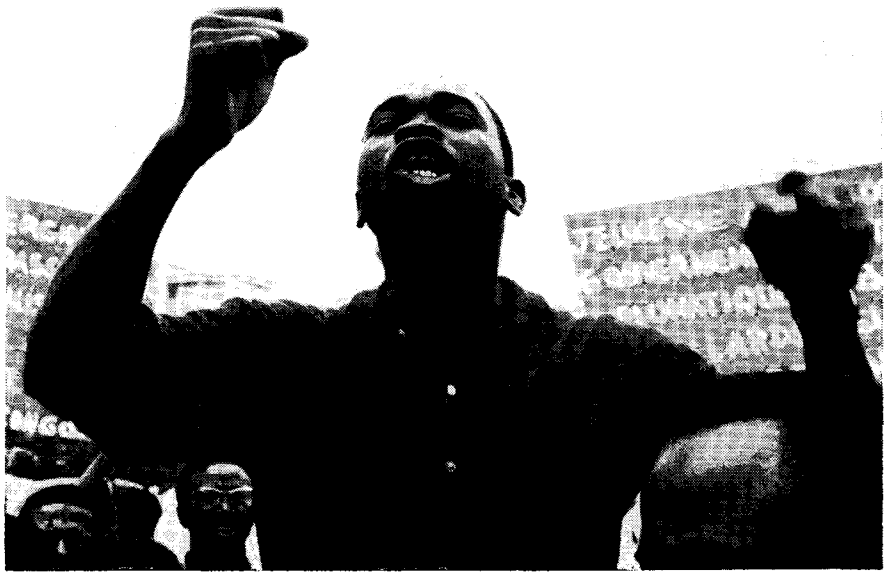
I do not mean to say that these two books are stillborn. They both possess virtues in abundance. For example, in the best section of Dr. Merriam's book the author gives us an impressionistic look at the crossroads of Lupapa in Kasai Province, where the Merriams spent most of their hitch in the country. How rarely do writers on Africa descend to the "ground" level as successfully as this! Here are African peasants hardly aware that they *are* Congolese, who have heard rumors of the "new times" coming without having the foggiest idea what they will mean, whose lives are so physically deprived that their bodies can scarcely sustain themselves from day to day, whose isolation from their countrymen in other parts of the vast realm exaggerates their inexperience in "public affairs."

And I wish the clique of American academics who earn their bread by patronizing Africa would learn something from Dr. Merriam's portrait of a young "bush" intellectual and agitator. The fact is, Africans only rarely are interested in the things that American scholars think they ought to be interested in. They are concerned about cars, factories, parliamentary assemblies, because for them these things symbolize release from interminable rounds of poverty and deracination. They are *not* therefore so concerned about clan-culture, costumes, or sociological categories.

If I had to recommend one book on the Congo to the man who is only going to read one, it would be Mr. Hennessy's. It is not as personal a document as Dr. Merriam's, but it is more compact. It does not carry the "apparatus" of the Merriam book (because, of course, it was written with another end in view). But it hits off exactly the proper and useful approach to discourse on Africa—sophistication leavened by humanity. The Irish-English Mr. Hennessy, who has had a good deal of colonial experience himself, is rather surprisingly hard on the Belgians though not unfairly so, in my opinion. However, despite its judgments and its compression, his book



—*Anthony Howarth (Camera Press-Pix).*



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Workers in the Congo—"another battleground for men's minds."

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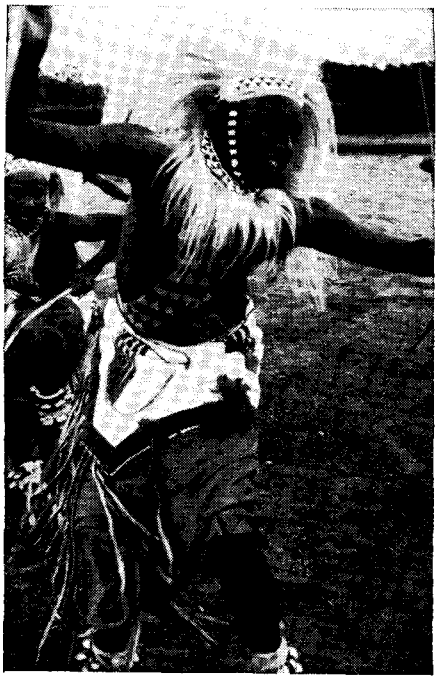
People of the Congo



never allows the reader to forget that behind the bewildering puppet show of events and politicians live fourteen million people on the very edge of physical extinction. Mr. Hennessy makes it clear that settling the status and/or hash of this or that Congolese government is only a start toward doing something substantial for human brothers whose present miseries are an intolerable disgrace.

Both these volumes are to be commended for laying aside the hectoring, whining, hysterical tone one finds in most writings on contemporary Africa. God knows, we have our crops full of Cloetes and Ruarks ranting at "soft American do-goodism"; Lord Salisburys ranting at English officials who are "too clever by half"; Verwoerds ranting at spectral Communists in Swaziland; Lumumbas ranting at the white race. Africa and the Congo are nobody's *fault* —unless you want to say they are everybody's fault. Even the Belgians, who were indeed bad colonizers, and whose irresponsibly abrupt departure was a catastrophe, are not and were not evil or "bloodthirsty" men. They are members of a stolid, home-oriented people capable of a "remarkable record" in the Congo of fish-breeding stations, hospitals, anti-erosion campaigns, and the like—but in the larger questions of spirit and politics about as far out of their depth in the Congo as would be the Elks Club of Topeka, Kansas, were it suddenly to try to administer that same place. And this is the way the Belgians are presented by Dr. Merriam and Mr. Hennessy.

In his conclusion the former doesn't venture very far in any positive direction except to say that the Congo must become yet another "battleground for men's minds." Mr. Hennessy notes that there are "few events that give cause for encouragement." I think something more must be noted.

With the death of Lumumba the "centralist" movement lost its Great Captain. It remains to be seen whether it gained what is perhaps more important, its myth. In any case, Congolese and foreign sympathizers who maintain that the only prosperous future for the Congo lies in the establishment of a powerful central authority were reduced to clamoring for the earliest possible reconvention of Lumumba's parliament—the lodestone of his centralist aspirations.

Personally I agree that a strong central government is the best (and, in the end, inevitable) government for the country—for the fractionation of the Congo makes even less sense than anything else. But until a few days ago it was hard to see that a reconvened parliament would be able to accomplish this centralization—however strenuously it attempted it. The Federalists, Tshombe and Kasavubu, seemed to hold most of the high cards. Now, with the astonishing immobilization of the more formidable of this pair, the situation may be fluid enough for a true "parliamentary" evolution to start up. But it must candidly be faced that the most serious social suppuration of the Congo—and many other parts of the underdeveloped world—will remain however the immediate political chaos resolves itself. And that is the tyranny of the Town over the Bush.

Kasavubu, Tshombe, Bomkoko, parliament and its managers—*whoever* it is that makes and enforces the laws of the new country—will be city-based and city-dependent. Their foremost problem of personal power will be to keep the urban populations busy and contented—and, given the paucity of their resources, they will be tempted over and over again to try to do this at the expense of the prostrate, backward countryside, even as the ancient Roman emperors and the modern Chinese Communists tried and are trying to do. If Congolese leaders succumb to this temptation, as they cannot fail to do unless massive financial and technical correctives are made available to them, they unwittingly will create yet another member of the most dangerously unstable genus of society that exists in the modern world: on the one hand, an urban mob—underemployed, restless, educated and coddled in illusion and delusion, amorphous, overweening, hyperthyroid; on the other hand, a hinterland sunk in desuetude and pauperdom—rotted by erosion and overcropping and neglect, increasingly unable to support even itself. Roundabout us there are already a few too many societies structured along these lines. One or two more of them and we can forget all about "Western Civilization" and what it has meant and can mean.

A NEW CULTURE: If one did not already know it, one could not fail to be vividly aware, after reading **"Muntu"** (Grove Press, $5.50), that a neo-African cultural movement has definitely emerged during the past fifty years or more. It is Janheinz Jahn's purpose in this book, which is translated by Marjorie Grene, not only to characterize the essential traits of the phenomenon as expressed in poetry, fiction, art, dance, and its other aspects, but to explore its extent and to identify its intellectual and traditional basis.

In the first of these his intimate knowledge of the subject, derived in part as one of the editors of *Black Orpheus,* lends him authority. Here he

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Shapes and Shades of the Dark Continent

By Beverly Grunwald, *a free-lance writer and critic.*

IT IS impossible to imagine in detail what Africa would be like had no white man ever set foot on the Dark Continent, but the thought may provide some useful exercise for the imagination. One fact is fairly certain: Africa still would have problems. The Bushmen would still hate the Zulu, the Kikuyu would still distrust the Masai. Educated natives would still be in conflict with their uneducated brethren listening to the voice of medicine men and, on occasion, practising human sacrifice. Without trying to decide whether Africa would be worse or better off closer to progress or closer to barbarism, we must recognize the fact that, even without a single white intruder, Africa would be a continent of racial mixtures, of dozens of cultures, of hundreds of dialects. It is useful to state this fact because, at times, we tend to view Africa simply as a drama of white man versus black man. It isn't.

The outline of the African map has become very familiar to all of us, but the shapes and shades within remain a puzzlement. We can make no greater mistake than to asume that there are only two shapes, right and wrong, and only two shades, black and white.

There are many different whites in Africa: the colonials who came as eager or reluctant servants of their states, ultimately hoping to return home; the trading buccaneers whose ultimate aim was money; and the settlers such as the Boers, whose home Africa has been for a longer period of time than the United States has existed. It is plain to see that the policy of apartheid is evil; that judgment is not hard for Americans, or for the world, to arrive at. But it is a lot harder to judge the specific feelings and circumstances of men, however misguided, who find themselves a threatened minority in lands they regard as their own. Similarly, there are many different blacks in Africa, from the shining-faced, mission-trained prime ministers of new countries to the half-educated, zoot-suited Johannesburg *tsotsi* and to the primitive pygmies in the bush. Again, it is plain to see that these men's claims to dignity, to freedom, to equality are just and urgent; and, again, it is much harder for an American to judge exactly how it feels to move from thatched village to parliament in less than a generation.

Both sides, white and black, with their almost infinite subdivisions of education, intelligence, purpose, and passion, are caught up in forces stronger than they, forces stronger than anything expressed in the pat phrases "racial hatred" or "prejudice" or "nationalism." They are caught in a collision of civilizations, the sort of collision that, in most of history, produced centuries of war and social upheaval. In Africa history with its frighteningly speeded-up time table seems to demand a denouement in years or, at most, decades.

That is essentially the theme of the remarkable and growing body of literature that has come out of Africa almost in step with the headlines. Here, too, history seems to be racing. The best books about war and crisis used to be written long after the event; the African novels of the last decade or two may not be the best that ever will be written on the subject, but they have been of strikingly high quality. They have varied greatly in tone, from Stuart Cloete's raw sketches of pioneer *voortrekkers* to Alan Paton's compassionate dramas, from Nadine Gordimer's precise and exquisitely written studies of the contemporary liberal to Peter Abrahams's powerful pictures of his own people. And almost every week brings another African writer joining in the trend, until Africa seems destined to rival the American Civil War in fictional fecundity. These writers are not all equally skilled or articulate, but they are for the most part strikingly aware of their subject. No one today can possibly see the story whole; each sees only a phase. But, taken together, their books suggest the intricacies of a continent part independent and part subject, part rational and part possessed, partly using civilization to repress savagery and partly using savagery to work toward civilization.

One of the most familiar African types today is the educated black—educated perhaps too quickly—who cannot quite face the responsibilities imposed on him, particularly when they are imposed by masters he holds in contempt. Such are the heroes of Robert Lait's **"Honey for Tomorrow"** (Random House, $3.95) and Chinua Achebe's **"No Longer at Ease"** (Obolensky, $2.95). Both of these excellent stories are set in modern-day East Africa, where the goal of self-rule is evolving into reality. In each story the hero is in rebellion against the British Civil Service, but is ultimately a victim of his own greed and the corruptions of the city. In Mr. Lait's book, Zachio Shebane plays the game of "making the European happy" while living in a mud hut and working in a governmental building. Mission-educated, Zachio is outwardly respectful and efficient but he loathes the lazy British colonials and feels himself their intellectual superior. He is repelled by the advances of a sex-starved, flabby white official's wife. He feels underpaid and underprivileged as a menial tax collector in the Fiscal Department and soon starts pocketing the collection money. To steal when you know you will be caught takes a certain bravado, and Robert Lait's Zachio has a kind of delightful impertinence about him. He enjoys stealing, enjoys spending the money, and particularly enjoys involving white civil servants who try to bribe him to save their own careers. Mr. Lait is an Englishman who was once part of H. M. Overseas Civil Service. The years were not wasted, judging by this fine satirical drama.

CHINUA ACHEBE, on the other hand, is a native Nigerian who has written of his people before in "Things Fall Apart." His narratives have a graceful and facile touch that makes for effortless reading. "No Longer at Ease" is a delight. As in "Honey for Tomorrow," Mr. Achebe's hero is a country boy determined to make good in the big city. Obi Okonkwo has been educated in England and his tastes have become refined. He takes pleasure in his good job in the Civil Service and the status it brings him. Although he is conscientiously determined to succeed for the sake of his family and backers, he loses control and is soon heavily in debt. Obi is trapped into accepting bribes to supplement his salary, but all he wants is a decent house, meat every day, a Morris car, and an attractive girl. Was it too much, too soon? Mr. Achebe sets you to wondering. He is sympathetic toward his hero, but he is a little contemptuous, too. As he describes him,

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Seven Novelists Suggest the Intricacies Of the African Enigma

PIERRE GASCAR, one of France's foremost postwar writers, holds the Prix Goncourt and the Prix des Critiques. A number of his short stories have appeared in *Harper's Bazaar, Transatlantic Review, Mademoiselle,* and other American magazines, and his two previous books have also been published here. His interest in Africa derives from his work there with the World Health Organization.

CHINUA ACHEBE of Nigeria was educated in missionary and government schools, and won a scholarship in medicine at University College in Ibadan. But he was irresistibly attracted to literature, and took his degree in the arts. After some training with the BBC, he began his present work with the Nigerian Broadcasting Commission. Mr. Achebe is particularly interested in the life of the Ibo communities.

PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY, now a resident of Staten Island, New York, was born in Yokohama and lived in the Far East until she was fifteen. She returned to Japan in 1957 to gather background material for "The Moonflower," it being her practice to visit the far-flung locations where her novels, of which "Blue Fire" is the twentieth, are set. Miss Whitney has taught at Northwestern and New York University.

JACQUELINE LOUW VAN WIJK was born in Garies, South Africa. Trained as a schoolteacher, she taught for a brief period before devoting all her time to writing. She was selected to represent South Africa at a UNESCO conference in Europe, and spent the following year traveling on that continent. Miss Van Wijk's preparation for writing "Tselane" included a study of the Basuto language.

ALAN PATON declared in 1949 during an address in New York: "It is my own belief that the only power which can resist the power of fear is the power of love." This belief has informed Mr. Paton's life as well as his writings, and he is known for his uncompromising stand against *apartheid* no less than for his distinguished books—a position that led the South African government to revoke his passport in 1960.

TOM STACEY, African and Commonwealth specialist for the *Sunday Times* of London, was named one of Britain's four best correspondents of last year, chiefly because of his reports from the Congo. Commenting on "The Brothers M," the *Spectator* observed that "Africa, to Mr. Stacey, is not only white whale and magic mountain but the Marabar Caves, the failure of our passage to India. . . ."

ROBERT LAIT became acquainted with Africa while serving there in the British Overseas Civil Service, an experience which he describes as "traumatic." Before that, he was for a time an instructor in social science at Liverpool University. The author of a number of short stories and television plays, Mr. Lait is currently employed as a probation officer in the English Midlands.—RUTH BROWN

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Obi is educated but he hasn't really left that mud hut. He rejects his girl because of a tribal taboo, and his encounter with civilization only leads to personal disaster.

An even more penetrating view of the educated native faced with civilization is given in **"The Brothers M"** (Pantheon, $5.95). Here Tom Stacey probes the friendship of two intellectuals—Daudi Mukasa, Ugandan, and Bob McNair, Canadian—who can never be equals. It is a compassionate, somewhat contrived story of two men, one white, the other black, who meet and study together at Oxford, who travel together throughout Europe, and who desperately want to be blood brothers, but can't. Their search for understanding leads them to the backward Ruwenzori Mountains, where they hope to find faith among the primitive Bakanjo tribe, living high in the mountains, isolated and untouched by modern infiltration. It is a long trip punctuated by physical hazards, anthropological discoveries, a black's obsession for a white maiden. As incident piles on incident and Mr. Stacey weaves the spell of the rhapsodically described African landscape there is a sorcery that bewitches these men, too, and their friendship becomes as rocky as the terrain.

Mukasa at first tries to be objective about the natives—his own people—from whom he knows himself to be quite different. And yet, mysteriously, they claim him and, inevitably, he sees that he really is one of them. He is repelled by their foul mode of living, but he is also jealous that his white friend draws more respect from them than he does himself. Do the years in an academic environment have no meaning? Is this primitive life the better way? Mukasa's inner conflict sets up an unbearable strain under which, step by step, he loses his dignity and gives way, reverting to primitivism. The white man, in turn, discovers a cruelty toward his friend's weakness of which he had not considered himself capable. He taunts him for his disintegration, thereby hastening the process: "You black monkey!" he says, and wishes he could take back the words.

The trouble with Mr. Stacey's novel is that, for all the fascination of its theme, it is often clumsily written, rambling and repetitive. Before long one native village begins to seem pretty much like the next. Again and again the two leading characters come to grips in debates, which, although illuminating, are also tedious. As a novel the book is far from expert; as a dissertation or body of ideas it has merits.

Yet another approach to the struggle between cultures in Africa is Jacqueline Louw Van Wijk's **"Tselane"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75). Unlike Mr. Stacey's Mukasa, Tselane has no education whatsoever. Her downfall is brought on by two forces—the tribal mores of the past and the industrial civilization of the present. Tselane is a handsome village girl who is happily married and happily pregnant. She faces her husband's departure from Basutoland with serenity and stoicism. He will be back from the mines in a year and they will be richer. In Africa today there are many Tselanes who are content to perform a man's duties and drudgeries along with their own, while the husbands go off to the mines, farms, or factories to bring back more money than they could earn at home, a pretty blanket, a few trinkets, and many strange stories of a different life. Like other African women, Tselane is content to work and dream and count off the contract days. But the dreams become nightmares when she learns that she has been singled out for ritual murder by the tribal chieftain. She is to be killed so that her fertility may make a potion for his barren wife.

The heart of the narrative, which is based on an actual episode that occurred in South Africa, is in Tselane's flight from her native village. The terrors of an uncivilized girl who faces her first planes and trains and cities, who experiences alien sights and sensations in a mechanized world she has never been part of, are joltingly graphic. The suspense builds so genuinely that you are touched and dismayed when, with panic and pluck, she unwittingly throws her new-born baby out a train window. The white conductor was shouting as she delivered her own child but she could also hear the hypnotic incantations of the medicine man. In this exceptional book Miss Van Wijk couples the terrors of both primitive and modern civilizations as seen through Tselane's fears. The author's understanding of tribal hierarchy and the psychology of the medicine man are especially fine. When the chase is over, the tragedy is real.

THE TRAGEDY is real, too, in Alan Paton's **"Tales from a Troubled Land"** (Scribners, $3.50). For the most part, these ten stories are peculiar to the twisted social problems created by apartheid's white supremacy position, but some, set in a reformatory for native black boys, might just as plausibly have come out of our South. The mood of the stories, which cannot be considered the best of Paton, is one of despair that refuses to give way to total resignation. These are skilfully drawn portraits presented with clean, uncluttered dialogue, almost like case histories but far more sentimental. When the characters speak, no incident becomes incidental. In "Death of a Tsotsi" we face the tragedy of flamboyant Spike, who leaves the reformatory determined to go straight. He becomes serious and sober. He tries hard. He keeps to a steady job and one woman, but the gaiety and joy have gone out of living. Spike knows that he is resented by the old gang, and no one can forestall his death.

In "Divided House" the principal (a position Mr. Paton once actually held in a similar institution) commiserates with Jacky, who passionately wants to become a priest but who hears voices that encourage him to smoke the forbidden dagga. What ties this story to its particular locale is the fact that in other lands, including the U.S., where both black and white lives are valued and help is offered the victims of drugs, Jacky might have been saved.

"The Story of Ha'Penny," on the other hand, could happen anywhere. It has nothing to do with the color barrier but is about the human need for identity. Ha'Penny is a pathetic orphan who persists in claiming a mother and two brothers and sisters. When the principal investigates, he finds that Ha'Penny's family is real, but not really his. The boy didn't want the authorities to think there was no one to care.

It is obvious that Alan Paton cares. These tender, touching vignettes tell the South African story more succinctly than volumes of political reportage.

Both **"Blue Fire"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.50) and **"The Coral Barrier"** (translated by Merloyd Lawrence, Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75) are books whose heroes are visitors to an alien continent. The first, by Phyllis Whitney, cannot be taken seriously as a picture of South Africa because it is a superficial cliché of the attitude some Americans have toward it. Miss Whitney is an American author who makes trips to the locales of her novels for authenticity, but she might just as well have never gone to the Union. "Blue Fire" is an incredible book—incredibly poor—about a Chicago girl who returns to the scene of her birth, Capetown. It combines juvenile mystery and soap opera with simplified sketches of black-white relationships. Susan Van Pelt and her mother had left Africa and her father because there had been a mix-up about some diamonds and dear old Dad had been put into jail. One big, beautiful, blue-white diamond had never been recovered, and a handsome Afrikaaner thinks Susan knows where it is. After her mother's death, he courts her in Chicago, marries her, and takes her back to Africa. Then she starts to psychoanalyze herself. As total recall bridges the gap of sixteen years the

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villain puts on the pressure. Susan locates the diamond but can't find a friend. Alone, she faces the terrors of a greedy, menacing husband. As she dangles precariously from picturesque Table Mountain, she wonders if he ever really loved her.

"The Coral Barrier," in contrast, shows that a good writer—and Pierre Gascar is assuredly that—can take a basically banal situation and conjure up a rousing, refreshing story. In Italian Somaliland an expatriate Italian becomes enamored of a native waitress. Love matches between white and black are difficult enough in any society, and in a Somalia fast approaching independence the case becomes a government issue. Luigi Peretti cannot affect the casual attitude of his compatriots who indiscriminately sample each others' native prostitutes before leaving for home and the proper Italian dish. An artist, he is overwhelmed by the beauty of the desert country and sees its personification in the unattainable and mysterious black girl, Jilal. He loves her, and, rather than force himself upon her, he arranges for an operation to correct the sexual barrier of infibulation that is Jilal's Islamic heritage. Mr. Gascar succeeds in making the delicate subject of Jilal's operation —performed in a locked-up bistro—half-tragic and half-farcical as he involves a gossipy Catholic nurse and a well-meaning but bumbling restaurateur. Somehow the Somali authorities falsely conclude that Luigi is plotting with an Italian underground, and with his exile the romance must come to an end.

Pierre Gascar writes beautifully. Describing a night of love, he is eloquent: "But Luigi no longer grieved about this distance between them. Our lives are spent loving strangers and the dead." And some time later, "Little did it matter to Luigi that Jilal was separated from him by the innocence of her race and color of her skin. Love is always black."

For Mr. Gascar's hero love is always black because there is always mystery. Africa is like that herself. She is wooed and won but she is rarely understood. She was never fully comprehended or ruled by white civilization; the new, emerging black civilization—in so many ways merely a copy of the white—will not necessarily succeed better or more quickly. She is still the Dark Continent, full of dark and difficult problems. Americans like easy solutions but there are no easy solutions in Africa—and perhaps no solutions at all. A situation without a solution may be taken to be one definition of tragedy. We can look for thousands more of words about the African tragedy, and perhaps the best we dare hope for is understanding.

POLITICS USA

Dissection of the "Stasis Seekers"

"The Futilitarian Society," by William J. Newman *(Braziller. 412 pp. $6), excoriates conservatism as an ideology "dedicated to stripping man of freedom." Walter Millis is a special consultant and projects director at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.*

By Walter Millis

A "LIBERAL" picking up "The Futilitarian Society" quickly finds that it is not only a devastating dissection of conservatism, the conservative mind, and the conservative mood in contemporary America; it also is a revivalist summons to faith and action addressed to the "liberal" himself. William Newman knocks the currently customary quotation marks from the designation. He has no patience with the theory that "we are all liberals now." In a stroke he abolishes the confusions arising out of the modern conservative's devotion to nineteenth-century Lockean liberalism. The "gulf" between liberalism and conservatism is real; it is basic; for the liberal, conservatism is "the enemy" and "for a very good reason."

"Conservatism in America today is fundamentally and essentially an ideology dedicated to stripping man of freedom. Behind all its talk . . . is a search for a fixed society, . . . in which innovation will have come to an end, . . . in which rational, scientific and enquiring man will be replaced by traditional, obedient and placid man, . . . in which everyone will have his fixed place and freedom will have come to an end." With force and considerable sprightliness Professor Newman pursues this argument through the works of representative conservative thinkers, from Barry Goldwater, who glories in the "conservative" designation, to Henry R. Luce, who presumably does not.

There is, first, the "old conservatism" (Goldwater appears here as a kind of "parody" upon its intellectually more respectable voices) given to antistatism and a simplistic yearning for the lost Eden of Lockean liberalism—something which, whatever its services to freedom in the nineteenth century, is both irrecoverable and irrelevant to the present era. There is, next, the "new conservatism," with Russell Kirk as the most dramatic and Clinton Rossiter as the most intelligent and perceptive of its exponents. It is Kirk who, turning from Locke to Burke, has converted conservatism from a "catch-can" yearning for the past into a recognizable ideology. He has given it a harsh, Calvin-

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istic element of "original sin"—of man as incorrigible, incapable of being left to his own freedom of choice and requiring the bonds of religion, authority, tradition, and "prescription" to keep him under control. Here, if conservatism no longer wishes simply to turn back the clock, it wishes to remain immovable against innovation, devoted to "stasis."

The conservatives, Newman brightly observes, might be called the "stasis-seekers." But this brings them to a "dead center," as Rossiter understands, and from which he makes a heroic effort to free them. Can an ideology founded upon the denial of innovation be given practical application in tempestuously changing times? Rossiter rejects the extreme anti-statism of the old conservatives; he accepts a strong President; his "whole effort is directed toward distinguishing conservatism from the liberalism of the nineteenth century." But he finally comes out, in Newman's view, about where the old conservatives do. He will accept changes that have occurred, but can he work with change itself? Rejecting the impossible escape into the past, he would still freeze the present in a balance of powers and pluralistic communities, with a business and professional élite to control it.

The alliance between the businessman and conservatism, as Newman observes, is in the nature of an uneasy "marriage" rather than a merger. Conservatism needs the businessman's support, but dislikes being in the position of existing simply to preserve his profits; the businessman is a conservative because of his interest in fixing a system from which his profits and power derive, but through the furious pace of his technology he is at the same time the most radical of the forces compelling those social and economic changes against which the "stasis-seekers" are most firmly set. Business and conservatism are each necessary to the other, but there is an ideological problem here that the philosophers have not solved.

Newman spreads his nets still more widely. In Walter Lippmann's "Public Philosophy" he sees another agonized attempt to put freedom (and original sin) in the fetters of élite-ism and natural law. He regards the forays of Mr. Luce and his colleague, Max Ways, into the "national purpose" as an ignorant and fuzzy effort to do much the same thing. Raising the useful question of whether a nation can have a "purpose" in any significant sense, Newman presents the Luce-ean exploit as an effort to bring freedom and change into the strait jacket of a unitary and authoritarian national creed. Finally, drawing on other authors, Newman places the conservative ideologies he has examined in the ambient sea of the "conservative mood" now inundating the country—a mood passive, static, fearsome of man as a free agent, turned toward the past, incapable of addressing problems which it refuses to admit exist, frightened and futilitarian.

The indictment is ingeniously as well as forcefully drawn. To get the whole range from Goldwater to Rossiter to Lippmann and Luce into the same gallery, to identify the gallery and describe its proportions, is a considerable analytical feat. "Yes, Virginia," we can all now say with some confidence, "there *is* a conservatism," a distinct and recognizable body of thought. Philosophers will find flaws in the demonstration. Newman is not, I feel, fair to natural law. Only late in the book does he recognize that it is, like Locke himself, a neutral weapon, available equally to liberal or conservative. But he is successful in defining conservatism, and, I think, in establishing that it is *au fond* a "futilitarian" philosophy. It is oriented toward the past and toward immobility. Its underlying themes are antidemocratic, authoritarian, anti-"people" and pro-"privilege." Its cherished "individualism" is in a real sense anti-individualist, reflecting a basic emphasis on community, organization, and the individual's submergence in an established, immutable order. It subordinates the people's "general will" to a "natural law" that, though derivable from man's nature, claims authority over his will.

Thus the battle lines are drawn; the enemy is identified; the call to action is sent forth to—whom? The liberals. But who are they? Newman explains that it is not the function of this book to discuss "the liberal mind in America," and since it is his book one cannot fairly blame him for not writing a different one. But one is conscious here of a certain gap. It is difficult effectively to indict a philosophy without setting an alternative against it. The liberal, impatient to enroll again in the good cause, finds the inscriptions on the banners somewhat blurred. He must be in favor of "innovation"; he must look to the future; he must welcome "change." So much is easy. But he must also favor "man's freedom." Does this mean the freedom of man, or the freedom of men; the freedom of the tyrannic majority or the freedom of the lonely individual? Professor Newman often writes as if his alternative to conservatism is Jacobinism, but he does not make at all clear what his "freedom" really means. Before signing the papers one would like to have the terms of service more fully explained.

A Shortage of Dissenters

"The New America: Politics and Society in the Age of the Smooth Deal," by Karl E. Meyer *(Basic Books. 196 pp. $4.50), denounces the "cult of slickness," in which issues become slogans, leadership play-acting. Walter Johnson is the author of "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue."*

By Walter Johnson

FOR THE past hundred and fifty years numerous American writers—as well as many from other countries—have examined American society and have tried to describe its unique features in order that Americans could better understand themselves. Some of the books have been highly flattering, but others have probed basic weaknesses and questioned whether they could be overcome. Karl Meyer, an editorial writer for the Washington *Post*, has now added to these a provocative book in the best pamphleteering tradition. He is disturbed over the "cult of slickness" in politics where issues become slogans, leadership becomes play-acting, and the means of politics an end in themselves. "My aim," he writes, "is to apply a little sandpaper to our political icons, liberal and conservative."

The author is deeply concerned over the impact of an affluent society on American ideas and institutions during the past decade. The lack of vital, bold, and imaginative leadership was characteristic, he observes, not only of President Eisenhower but of the Democratic leadership in the Congress. Elections, he insists, have moved from the politics of the country store to the politics of the supermarket, where four approaches are dominant: the candidate is viewed as a product, the campaign is a promotion drive, issues are considered "themes," and political leadership is looked upon as largely a question of "managerial expertise."

He is sharply critical of the emphasis on the "image" since television has come to be such a powerful invader of

(*Continued on page* 41)

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The Calloused Conscience

HISTORY has a long memory. Perhaps one reason it repeats itself from time to time is to see if human beings have learned any of the lessons it tries so hard to teach us.

One lesson that recurs from generation to generation concerns the magnanimity of the human conscience. When this magnanimity shrinks, a man or a nation shrinks.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience," George Washington wrote in 1748. There is an uncertain flickering of that celestial fire in America today, and history, the tireless teacher, has begun to repeat itself.

The terrible testimony of the Eichmann trial, bearing witness to man's inhumanity to man, has recalled from the memory of history episodes in which other men failed the human conscience. To instruct us, there is the incident of the British official who received a Hitler-authorized proposal from Eichmann to exchange 1,000,000 Jews for 10,000 trucks the Nazis badly needed. The proposal evoked this bureaucratic response: "A million! What on earth are you thinking of? What should we do with a million Jews?"

In the long view of history who would want to be that man? However much he may wish it, history will not forget him.

Yet there are outraged cries in Congress at the suggestion we should accept Castro's insolent proposal to swap 1,200 prisoners captured during the abortive Cuban invasion for 500 tractors essential to the island's hard-pressed agriculture. This blackmail is only one more ugly chicken coming home to roost from that grotesque adventure in Latin American diplomacy. It does not become us to adopt moral postures now while quoting the "not one cent for tribute" policy toward the Barbary pirates.

A man on the morning commuter train to New York slapped his newspaper indignantly at the story that Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Reuther, and Dr. Milton Eisenhower had formed a private committee to raise the money needed to buy the ransom tractors for Castro. He said in anger, "We shouldn't let him point a gun at our heads. I wouldn't give him a single tractor for all those prisoners."

THE plight of the gallant men who fought for freedom and democracy on our behalf and at our behest on the shores of Castro's Cuba was not as important to him as our national pride. The United States is a great nation, powerful and generous-minded. It can afford to be magnanimous, not mean-spirited, befogging this issue with petty legalisms and wounded vanity.

It is to the great credit of President Kennedy that his reading of history stood him in good stead. He exercised the moral authority of the White House with dignity and compassion in the midst of the mounting uproar on Capitol Hill. "If they were our brothers in a totalitarian prison, every American would want to help," he said. "I happen to feel deeply that all who fight for freedom, particularly in our hemisphere, are our brothers."

History will be kind to that response and to those who contribute to the purchase of liberation tractors.

IT WAS more than coincidence; it was a sign of a confused, fearful epoch of challenge and change that bloody violence was the response in the South to the "Freedom Riders" while the "Hate Riders" were received with an odd, circumspect politeness. The pitiful bus of haters, with their swastika armbands and ugly racial doctrine, were possibly regarded as the sick remnants of a defeated madness, while the "Freedom Riders" were recognized as a living challenge to the still virulent psychosis in the South that says the Supreme Court's ruling on the Constitutional principle of racial equality does not apply below the Mason-Dixon line. This sensitive nerve of sick Southern political morality cannot stand much pressure from history without lashing out blindly.

Yet the deep South can be sympathized with for learning so painfully that all men are created equal. This truth has not yet been learned in Washington, D. C., the capital of the nation that proudly holds aloft the torch of freedom and democracy for the rest of the world to follow. Edward R. Murrow, head of the U. S. Information Agency, told an audience of correspondents that discrimination in Washington against African Negro diplomats was hurting the U. S. abroad more than the Alabama and Mississippi headlines.

"Where do we house African diplomats in our capital?" he asked. "These are representatives of Negro nations led by Negro leaders. It is bad enough that they read headlines of bus burnings and beatings. It is even worse that they find it near impossible to live in the capital of our nation. Landlords will not rent to them; schools refuse their children; stores will not let them try on clothes; beaches bar their families.

"This is not something the Communists did to us. We do it ourselves in our own capital. Is it possible that we concern ourselves too much with outer space and far places, and too little with inner space and near places?"

From Cuba to Alabama to Washington, history is saying to the American people that this is not the age for a calloused conscience. We cannot let our celestial fire flicker any lower. To do so is to be false to ourselves, our history, and our vision of the good society. We are our brother's keeper.

—W.D.P.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WINNER BY A NOSE

IT'S AN ILL TRADE WIND that gives the wrong book a puff. Your January 14 column had it that, thanks to Oxford University Press, Americans can now read the only surviving complete play by Menander, his "Bad-Tempered Man." I beat Oxford by three weeks: the play is in my "Masters of Ancient Comedy" (Macmillan; October, 1960). Don't make me lose my "Bad-Tempered Man"!

LIONEL CASSON.

Rome, Italy

ACTION AND REACTION

ALBERT DORNE'S letter to the editor [*SR*, June 3] begins with a reasonable question: why was I dismayed by the advertisement for the Famous Writers School in the *Times Book Review* and not by the advertisements in the *Saturday Review*? The answer is that I didn't notice the advertisements in *SR* and probably wouldn't have noticed the one in the *Times* if it hadn't been called to my attention. If I had seen the advertisement first in *SR*, I'm afraid the experience would have been even more traumatic.

I find two sentences in Mr. Dorne's letter particularly significant: "We hope that in the process of teaching a craft, we may from time to time uncover people with real talent who, because of us, become good creative writers. On the other hand, students with moderate aptitudes, who also possess a degree of self-discipline and dedication, can at least become better craftsmen." "Is there," he asks, "anything wrong in suggesting hope and a goal?"

There is certainly nothing wrong in leading people to hope that they can become better craftsmen. But I submit that the whole elaborate and costly advertising and promotion program of the Famous Writers School is calculated to suggest a different hope. In the advertisement, in the flossy brochure, and in the follow-up letters that I have seen (for those who write for the test but do not submit it, for those who take and pass the test but do no enroll in the course) people are encouraged to hope that they can become rich and famous. I could quote extensively, but let me take a few sentences from the brochure: "We can teach you how to write." "Whether you are a man or woman, young or old, the opportunities for you in writing are endless." "Your future is here—in the rich world of writing." "Writing can be lucrative. But it offers even more than security and an income, however good. It is rich in the joy of truly creative work."

The subtlest Madison Avenue techniques are being used to suggest that the Famous Writers School can do more for its members than, by Mr. Dorne's own account, it can do. No doubt it can do something for writers with "real talent," which is somehow different, I take it, from the kind of talent tested by the talent test, and it can

surely help a lot of people to become better craftsmen. But if that were all the advertisements promised or seemed to promise, I don't believe the enrollment would be booming.

Since, as several of my correspondents have testified, one of the most persuasive elements in the whole campaign is the support lent to the school by the Famous Writers, I do indeed wish that they were not involved in it.

Finally, I want to make a constructive suggestion. In his article, accompanying mine, James F. Fixx quoted a sentence included in the talent test as a subject for revision: "While on a visit to Europe, the editorial office closed for a week." I propose as a substitute Mr. Dorne's closing sentence: "After visiting us and examining at firsthand our techniques of teaching by mail, the personal quality of our service, and our attitude toward our students, I am convinced that the opinions reflected in Mr. Hicks's article would take on new and more constructive dimensions."

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Grafton, N. Y.

ALBERT DORNE claims that the purpose of my interview with him "seems to have been nothing more than to acquire quotable statements to back up Mr. Hicks's piece," and he goes on to object: "Certainly I did not say, 'I see no reason why we should not eventually have 2,000,000 students.'"

Mr. Dorne is of course free to interpret my motives for interviewing him in any way he likes. On the issue of what he did and did not say, however, I think it relevant to observe that his recollections of our conversation apparently differ from the notes I made at the time.

JAMES F. FIXX.

New York, N. Y.

THE PATENT SYSTEM

IT WAS WITH considerable sadness and some ire that I read Irene Till's review of William Greenleaf's "Monopoly on Wheels" [*SR*, May 6]. The first and lasting impression of the review has been that Miss Till had long been waiting . . . for an opportunity to reach the public with her own tirade against the patent system. Thus she successfully obscured Mr. Greenleaf's efforts.

As a patent attorney I am perhaps subject to the accusation of self-interest, but I also have the daily opportunity to observe how many individual inventors, with the help of patents, establish markets and create new jobs even in the face of "modern technology." The outcome in the Selden patent case, and in many cases since 1909 when that case was argued, indicates that the courts have been successful in maintaining a balance between inventor and public. The codification of the patent laws in 1952 by the Congress is evidence of approval by the nation's legislators of the existing system and would seem to refute the assertion that the original purpose of the laws is now a "pious myth."

The patent concept, which originated in the fourteenth century in Venice, still proves a valuable incentive to the creative mind. . . .

ROBERT A. CHOATE.

Detroit, Mich.

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

IN AND OUT OF THE DOGWOOD: I have been flying back and forth from here to the South these last five or six weeks, flying off each Sunday on a new lecture swing, and flying back each Friday to teach my Saturday morning class for teachers at Rutgers. It has been a strange sort of flirtation with springtime and my thought is to give a progress report on the dogwood, except that I am a bit confused about a starting point. I cannot recall now whether or not the dogwood was out in Florida in the second week of April. The fact is I could hardly see Miami Beach for the hotels. After a blurred weekend in New Jersey, however, I flew back south to Birmingham, Alabama, and there it was in full bridal veil on April 17. The next day, at Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, it was opening but not quite out. And two days later, in Chattanooga, no white was readily visible.

Another race home and out took me to Hanover College, in Indiana, on April 24, and there it was just coming through. A few days later in Durham, North Carolina, it was at its peak, but the next day in Nacogdoches, Texas, it was all blown and gone and I did not find it again until May 4, when it was just beginning to burst open in Harrisonburg, Virginia, and all over the mountains on the drive to the Charlottesville Airport.

From May 7 to May 11, my wife and I were driving to and from Ann Arbor, Michigan, with no trace of dogwood along the road, but we returned to New Jersey to find the trees on our own lawn doing very well. Our pink dogwood was wide open that weekend, and the white one was just beginning to show color. By the time this gets to press, I hope to be catching up with the dogwood's arrival again in Boston. After that, I am afraid I must lose track of it, since I have no plans for upper New England till full summer. As a good neighbor, however, I must not fail to alert Canada to watch for it. It's on the way, friends. And sorry I have to miss it, but I am heading the other way again—over the magnolias to Corpus Christi.

P.S.: My spring wish had barely sprung when it occurred to me that I did not know whether or not the dogwood unfurls as far north as Canada. So to the reference room, returning from which I am sorry to say that, as a general thing, it does not. There is some dogwood along the northern shore of Lake Erie, and it spreads along our own coast as far north as Maine, but the show is pretty much over at Boston.

My regrets to our Canadian friends, with my hope that they will take the wish for the fact. Only a pure heart can wish dogwood. May no fact come between us.

But speaking of facts, I learned along the way that the American dogwood (*cornus florida*) can be used for inlaying, that a febrifuge is made from its bark, and that its small branches may be used for snuff-dipping. More ominously, the wood of the European dogwood (*cornus sanguinea*) is reported by "The Encyclopedia American" as "making the very best charcoal for gunpowder," and that the root of the Jamaican dogwood (*ichthyomethia piscipula*) can be used as a narcotic for stupefying fish and for deadening toothache.

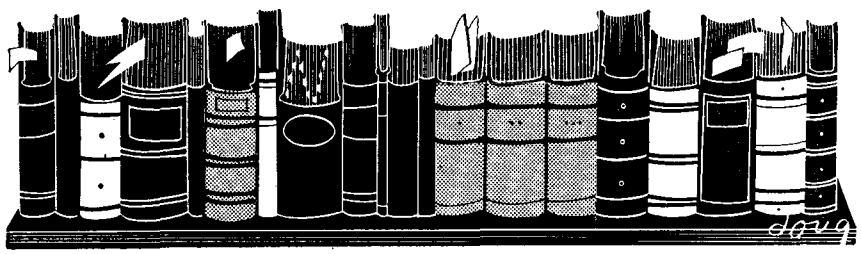
MAILBAG: The mail was at full flood when I got back to the office. Write a column saying you do not mean to answer letters, and immediately there will be those who take the statement as a challenge and declare themselves out to wheedle a reply for its own sake. I even noticed a sharp increase in the number of stamped self-addressed envelopes that accompanied such ploys. To such a zeal I could not fail to reply, and I do herewith: Thank you all.

Most interesting to me were some two dozen letters from librarians, museum people, public relations people, and even two from the networks, all lamenting the nuisance mail from students who want someone else to prepare a term paper for them, and who seem to think that all they need do is send off an all-inclusive request. Several museums, I discover, have printed or mimeographed form letters explaining the nature of their facilities and pointing out that those facilities do not include handling student research projects on request. Perhaps I shouldn't have been, but I was rather more surprised to find that two of the major networks have the same problem. Students who have seen a particular TV show some time back seem to have no hesitation about writing in for the script, biographies of the participants, background material, production notes, and even a bibliography.

All of these fellow sufferers in the assault by the School System felt, as I have in the past, the teachers must be encouraging their students to write this sort of letter. All of them are certainly with me in wishing the teachers would spend more time, first, in teaching the kids how to use a library, second, in teaching them to limit their papers to topics they can handle in the library, and third, in teaching them a responsible sense of doing their own work in the first place. Nor would it be a bad idea just to teach them how to write a letter.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION: In *SR* for May 8 I reported on the action of the Middlesex County (New Jersey) Catholic War Veterans in seeking to censor the literary magazine of Douglass College. What strikes me as an astonishing number of writers who profess to be Catholics have written in to protest my statement that "The idea of censorship is, of course, native to Catholicism. The Catholic Church, by its own conception of itself, is a system of authority and its authority encompasses the selection and suppression of ideas. Non-Catholic American intellectual tradition, on the other hand, is powerfully set to resist authority over ideas. That point of division exists, but it need be no point of conflict."

Dear uninstructed Catholic friends, there was not the least thought of an attack upon Catholicism in that statement. If you profess to embrace the Catholic faith but deny the Church's authority over certain parts of your thoughts, no amount of indignation will bring you into conformity with your own faith. I can only suggest that you call upon your parish priest for essential instruction. He will be happy to explain Catholic doctrine to you, to give you a list of books you are not to read, and to counsel you about the kinds of ideas you are required to pray out of your mind.



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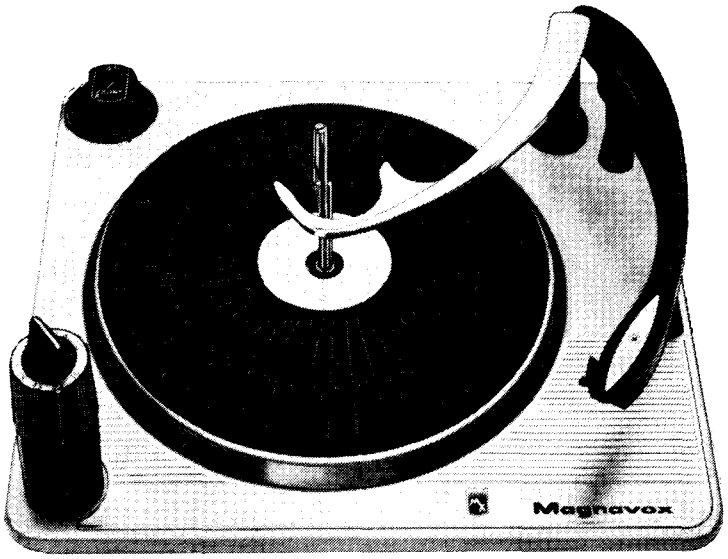

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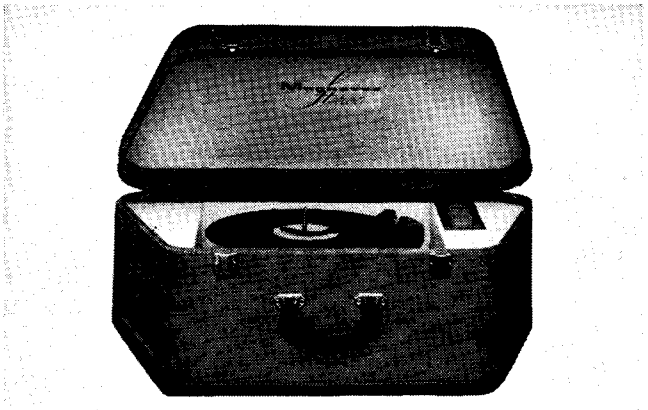

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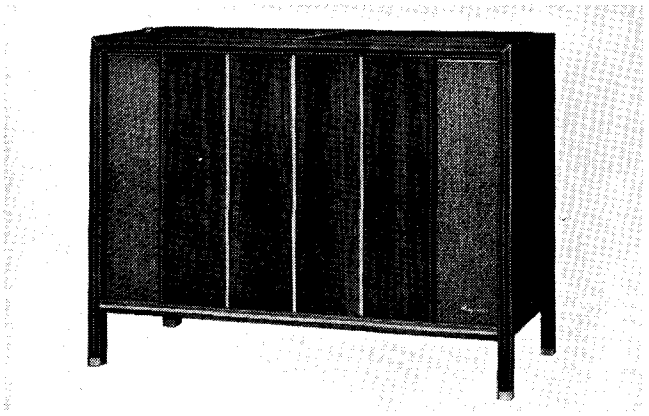

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Statue In North Fountain, Place de la Concorde, Paris ▶

The story behind a sea god's Scallop necklace

● Rising in awesome majesty from the ocean's depths, this was a sea god as the ancients imagined him.

Why the scallop shells around his muscular neck? The reason is as old as history. As long as man can remember, the scallop has been symbolic of the sea and all linked to it.

It symbolizes the voyage to far shores. It symbolizes the quest that makes men dare the wrath of sea gods and other terrors of the unknown. Almost universal in meaning, this symbol has been understood through countless centuries—and by people speaking different tongues.

It was the emblem of Holland's Order of St. James. Of the Knights of St. Michael in France. Of medieval pilgrims in solemn processions to the shrine of Spain's patron saint. Of men rallying around England's King Richard in the Crusades. All knew the scallop to be the badge of the quest.

Today as trademark of the Shell Companies, this symbol goes on world-wide journeys as Shell men seek for oil. They probe the earth's continents; they dig in the ocean's floor. And others, in Shell laboratories, investigate oil's mysteries, searching out new ways to put its incredible versatility to work for you.

The quest will continue. For it brings you better gasolines and motor oils. Provides the farmer with new weapons to fight pests and save crops. Produces synthetics that equal and often surpass nature's own resources.

When you see the sign of the Shell, think of it as the symbol of a quest for new ideas, new products and better ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

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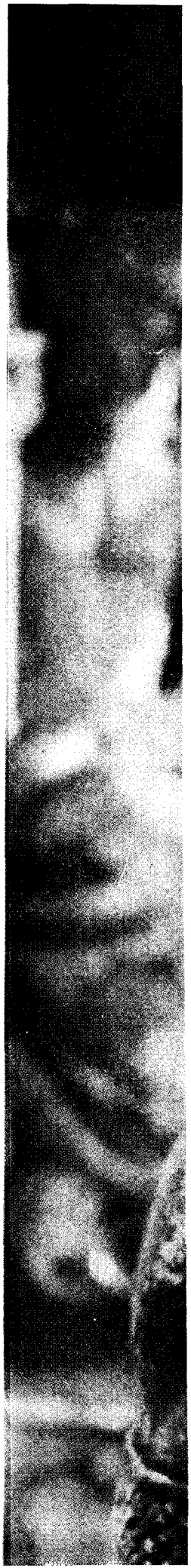

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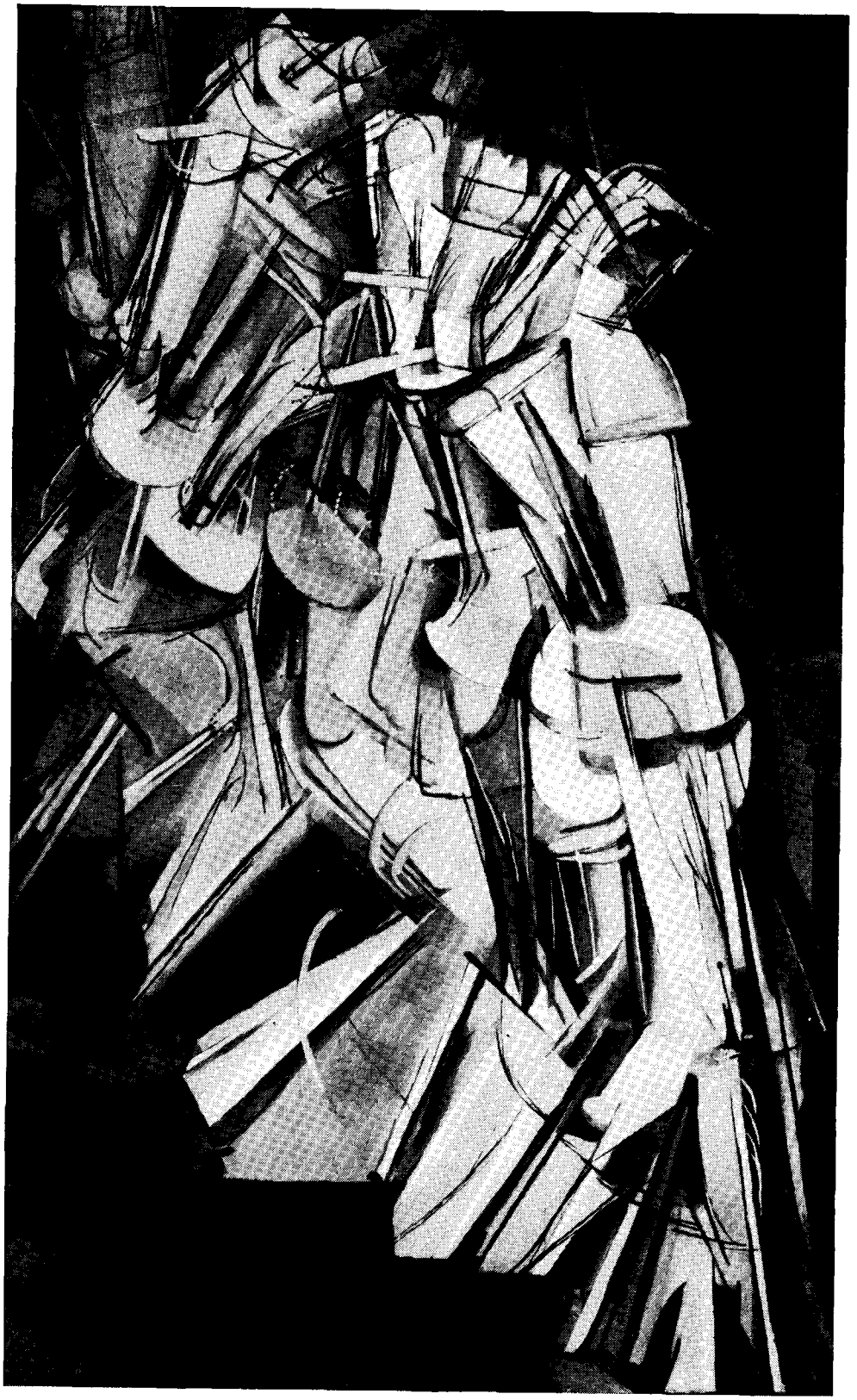
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



Philadelphia Museum of Art, Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection.
"Nude Descending a Staircase," by Marcel Duchamp—1912.

WHEN FIRST exhibited in America the year it was painted, this canvas, which nearly half a century later begins to look like a seasoned old master, aroused a public furor rarely equalled. People immediately wanted to know "where is the nude, and what is its sex?" In their anger with the picture's unorthodox title, they overlooked its new language, a language reflecting the speed and mechanical conquests of modern life. For here, using the familiar motion-picture technique of overlapping transparent forms, Duchamp did far more than merely stress the idea of descent. In addition, he produced a remarkably simultaneous experience by showing all sides of his ironic robot-like figure as well as its complete motion at one time, much as if the pressures of life had necessitated a visual speed-up similar to the industrial one we associate with assembly lines and mass production. As for the title, there is no doubt that Duchamp intended it to be provocative, inferring that even the nude, art's favorite subject, could not escape the demands of mechanization. —K.K.

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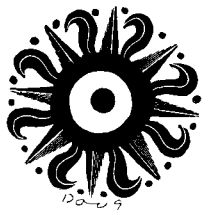

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Hellas, Alas, and Other Stories

And Now, Back to the Monitor in New York

The Customs Service disclosed yesterday that it has set up giant closed-circuit television cameras at Idlewild Airport to assist it in the campaign against smugglers.

Two of the cameras have been set on high metal poles atop the east finger overlooking the ramp of the International Arrival Building. A third camera has been set on the roof of the west finger. All three can be adjusted so that they can be trained on every plane in the area. In addition every foot of the arrival area can be kept under surveillance. Special agents have been monitoring the cameras.

The cameras were set up under authority of Laurance Fleishman, supervising Customs agent in charge of investigations and enforcement. They were set up to keep track of the movements of everyone on the ramp, and also are expected to prevent cargo thefts. Not only passengers and crews but all personnel attending the planes come into view in the cameras.

—*From the New York Herald Tribune, May 19.*

The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it; moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live—did live, from habit that became instinct—in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

—*From "1984" by George Orwell.*

Further to our paper on Greece last week we offer the following addenda:

FROM OUR OWN NOTEBOOK: The inhospitable practice of charging a departing tourist a tax for leaving the country has spread to the otherwise hospitable land of Greece. Travelers leaving the airport at Athens not only have to cope with the exit formalities, which are something of a shambles; they must also cough up about a dollar's worth of drachmas. Since no departing tourist likes to take home foreign currency, he usually manages to have spent his last *sou* by the time he presents his ticket to the airline clerk and is ready to leave. That's when they dun him. He shrieks with outrage. The airline clerk says you understand this is nothing personal. You understand it is not the airline. It is the government, that invisible greedy beast. The traveler now must fall back on his remaining dollar supply, if any. If he has nothing smaller than a $20 bill he is liable to get back $20 in drachmas in order to pay the one-dollar tax. Then he has to stand in another line at the bank if there is enough time, to get the excess drachmas changed back into dollars. Britain caught the itch, too, and relieves its departing tourists of $1.00. Worst of all is France, where departing travelers, even if they have just stayed over one night, are relieved of $3.00 per departing body. The tourist is a form of revenue, a form of cultural exchange, perhaps even a byway to human understanding. Europe's taxes *de séjour*, taxes for *being* there, are enough of an indignity without taxing a person for the privilege of departing. This malevolent practice was long ago denounced by the International Union of Official Travel Organizations all of whose members pledged themselves to talk to their governments. What happened? The indignity is spreading.

FROM AN AGENT ABROAD: We've just finished eight days at Rhodes and Crete and ten days inland, including Meteora. The American Express agency at Herakleion refused to honor my American Express credit card. Farakis and Georgiadis (a leading tourist agency at Rhodes) supplied the most incompetent guide I've ever seen; he roared with laughter at our desire to see a number of old churches. The tourist hotel at Delphi provided a pillow that was like a piece of hard pine wood (not even soft pine). They do have softer ones, if demanded. The new government-built motels are in excellent taste and have up-to-date heating and plumbing gadgets which should always be tested before accepting the room. They do not supply soap. In Thessaly they have air conditioners made by McGraw-Edison with a picture of Edison on them.

No boat allows enough time to see Crete, where one should visit not only the Museum and Knossos, but also Phaestus and Gortyna, and the Gulf of Mirabella. There is a new hotel, the Astir at Herakleion, which has rooms with bath, but, oddly, no restaurant. There is a new restaurant, the Knossos, which is entirely satisfactory, not far from the hotel.

For anyone with some knowledge of, or interest in, Greek mythology and history, an inland tour is the most desirable. Mycenae, Epidaurus, Olympia, and Delphi (preferably in that order) should be visited in all events. Sparta, Mistra, and Pylos require long drives, and the climb at Mistra is only for the devotee of the Byzantine. There are room and bath accommodations at Nauplia, Sparta, Olympia, and Delphi, but all are in heavy demand. The Hotel Bourtzi, at Nauplia, has no private baths, but is located on an island and is surpassingly beautiful in clear weather.

Most tourists use the Key Tours or CHAT Tours for an inland trip. This assures one of hotel accommodations (not always the best) and a good guide for the party, but early rising and vigorous sightseeing are a necessary routine. The tourist agencies will arrange for a private car with a non-English-speaking driver and an English-speaking guide, usually feminine. This is obviously expensive and involves a risk as to the competence of the guide you get. A more satisfactory arrangement is to take a car with a driver who speaks English and knows

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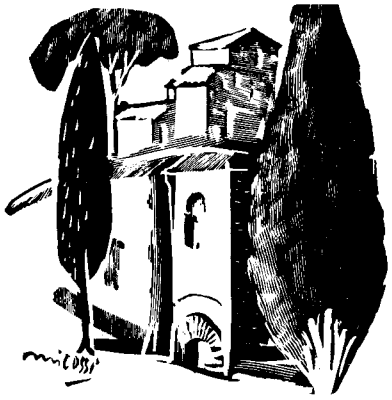
enough mythology and history to enable him to plan a trip for you. However, there appear to be only three such drivers in Athens and one should write ahead to engage one of them. They are: George Checkos, 5 Zaleykoy Street, Athens; John Spyrakis, 7 Karageorghi Servias Street, Athens; and a shadowy character named Carroll (or Karol), who can be reached through the other two. Non-multilingual Americans will prefer Checkos, who was born in America and thus speaks perfect English. Spyrakis speaks French, as well as English; it is said that one should stipulate for his personal services and not accept one of his drivers, whose English may be limited.

An increasing number of hardy souls who do not mind driving continuous hairpin bends on mountain roads rent a car and drive themselves. There is risk of accommodations in this method, and a greater risk of missing some desirable sights. Moreover, a breakdown can leave you stranded for literally hours.

Do not cash Travelers Cheques at a Greek bank. This is a production that will astound and annoy you; it requires three bank clerks, your passport, and the signature of innumerable papers; hotels cash them without any such nonsense.

There is no good up-to-date guidebook for Greece. The last Blue Guide was published in 1955. It is complete, but surpasses other Blue Guides in the dullness of the writing. Moreover, the



changes since 1955 make it unreliable. Fodor is very readable, and more up-to-date, but it needs a good going-over for type corrections and accuracy. At the moment, the use of both, checking one against the other, seems the most efficient. But always check up on new roads, new hotels, new boats, new ferries. A new first-class hotel, the Amalia, was opened in Athens only two months ago. —J.W.

N.Y. TO D.C.: Pity the poor politicians of the old days. To get from New York to the nation's capital they took the stagecoach from New York to Philadelphia, then the packet boat from Philadelphia, there to board another stage coach that took them as far as Frenchtown near Elkton, Maryland. Then they got on a boat and sailed to Baltimore and Washington. The whole thing took a couple of days.

It has fallen our lot to shuttle back and forth between N.Y. and D.C. on one mission or another during the past few weeks and we wish to report that transportation has improved somewhat, we guess. The packet has been suspended, but we did try the journey by air, by rail, and by road and herewith offer our evaluation. If you leave New York from Idlewild add forty-five minutes to an hour for the trip to the airport, add the half-hour you have to be there ahead of time. The trip takes an hour and fifteen minutes and it is another half-hour into the center of the city from the Washington Airport. As it happened, we left from LaGuardia Airport, which is closer to the city, turned in our ticket at the Northeast counter, and had ourselves validated. When we got to the gate it turned out we didn't have the stub, a wisp of paper the size of a postage stamp, which the clerk had stapled to our ticket envelope. Gatekeeper refused to let us on the plane without stub even though we had checked in at the counter. Blood pressure went up to 300 over 180.

We came back on the train because a recorded message told us in Washington that all planes were delayed or grounded. We couldn't find out how long they expected to be grounded because the record wouldn't answer back. With the train jammed with grounded airline customers we splurged on a Pullman seat ($20.08 one way) and rode home in a car that first went west with Custer. The back of the seat stopped just where one hoped to rest one's head. The makeup of the train was a masterpiece of planning. We were in the last car and the car ahead of us was another Pullman. The club car was fourteen cars away nestling alongside some other Pullmans at the head of the train. We would have just sat there, left the driving to the Pennsylvania RR, and contented ourselves with looking out the window, but the windows are washed biennially and this was obviously the off year.

The other weekend we left the driving to the Trailways people and boarded their five-star red-carpet bus in midtown Manhattan five minutes before departure time. The seats reclined, there was a comfort station and a telephone aboard, not to mention a hostess. Going down she served hot soup, a sandwich, coffee, and cookies. Coming home on the morning run she served coffee and doughnuts as an eye opener and a lunch at noon. We left at 9:30 and were in our office at 2:15. Fare is $9.30 each way, and as far as we're concerned Trailways can add another star to its five-star service. Ours.

TEAMWORK: The resident music editor isn't overwhelmed by our taste in music, judging by the gift record he passes along to us every now and then, but we are impressed by his taste in hotels. It was he who told us, a shivering refugee from the convention barracks, to turn ourselves in to the Hay Adams in Washington. Dignity, quiet, smiles, even thank you's, and the only badges were on the bellhops. The dining room was old soft-lit luxury. The only thing that took us aback was the bathroom, which has the most complicated set of instruments this side of Shepherd's Redstone. The recognizable equipment included: shoe cloth, phone, Dixie cups in wall rack, box of assorted toiletries — Band-Aids. toothbrushes, balm, etc., Kleenex, retractable mirror, glasses wrapped in waxed paper, portable drum for old razor blades, three kinds of soap in assorted colors, washcloth in an envelope, scale, rolled up rubbed pad for tub, yellow terry cloth bathrobe on a hanger enclosed in full-length plastic bag. Charge: $15, located across the street from the White House. JFK was in Palm Beach with JBK but it was reassuring to look up at the second-floor windows and know that Caroline was there.

—Horace Sutton.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Polish Risorgimento

POLAND in 1956 was the scene of a violent upheaval, a broad movement to break loose from the chafing restraints of its Communist government. By the end of 1958 Gomulka had the restraints firmly back in place. Within that brief period, however, the artists and intellectuals learned the unaccustomed taste of freedom—a freedom that extended even to the film makers in the state-supported studios. We have had some glimmer of its first fruits in the prizewinning experimental films, "Dom" and "Two Men and a Wardrobe," that turned up so astonishingly at the Brussels World's Fair. We caught another quick glimpse in Alexander Ford's "Eighth Day of the Week" (and in Marek Hlasko's novel, on which is was based). More recently there has been "Kanal"; and now, suddenly, two more products of this same resurgence, **"Ashes and Diamonds"** and **"Eve Wants to Sleep."**

Superficially, the two films could hardly be more dissimilar. "Ashes and Diamonds" is somber, realistic; one might even say tragic if coincidence and melodrama did not reduce its stature. "Eve," on the other hand, is satiric, fantastic, often downright funny. Even their ideological drives are in opposite directions. Where the one aims at a dispassionate objectivity, with pity for all, the other seems a lighthearted spoof at the expense of bureaucracy, red tape, and—just possibly—the police state itself. What unites them, however, and gives them a fascination beyond subject matter is the freshness of their approach. Both Andrzej Wajda, who directed "Ashes," and Tadeusz Chmielewski, the director of "Eve," handle the camera like a new toy. Obviously, they have studied films carefully. (The carping critic can even suggest *which* films.) But now they are going to make the camera work for them, and as a consequence their pictures are filled with the personal excitement of exploration and discovery.

Of the two, Wajda's is by far the more impressive, the more ambitious, and, ultimately, the more disappointing. As in his earlier "Kanal," he has turned back to the war years for characters and incidents to be re-examined and re-evaluated. His hero is a young partisan, a fighter trained to take orders and to follow them without question. During the war, the enemy has been clear; but now, on the first day of peace, begins the internecine struggle for power, and Maciek is designated to assassinate a minor Communist official. By the end of the film, his mission is accomplished, but Maciek is himself shot down. The remarkable thing is that Wajda manages to make both men sympathetic, and their deaths no triumph for either side. More remarkable still, the old guard, the bourgeoisie are shown with a faded elegance and gentleness, as if Wajda has recognized in their inevitable passing an end of grace and charm.

Much of this is told in violent, forceful images, in shots boldly and skilfully composed—a ruined church with its Christ hanging head-down, a dying man stumbling through a deserted street into the wide-flung arms of his assailant, the fleeing Maciek with blood seeping through a white sheet in which he has become entangled. The performances are uniformly impressive. But as Wajda follows his hero across the twelve crowded hours to his doom, one senses first a superficiality in many of the encounters, then a contrivance in the episodes, and finally comes the reluctant recognition that cinematic effects are perhaps even more important to the director than his characters' emotions. In the end, it is Zbigniew Cybulski, as Maciek, who holds the film together, not Wajda.

In "Eve Wants to Sleep," which has much of the mocking charm of a René Clair farce, the director frankly admits his affection for camera angles, effect lighting, and cinematic trickery. But in a farce, this is not merely forgivable but welcome—particularly when it heightens the fun. Eve, an innocent, wide-eyed girl (delightfully played by Barbara Lass), arrives at nightfall in a city crawling with crime, and patrolled by a hapless, helpless, but nonetheless pompous constabulary. There seems to be no one else—excepting the petty official at the school who turns the girl out onto the streets for completing his crossword puzzle. The police take her in charge, but it is Eve's innocence, not their bumbling, that sees her safely through the night. Although the film's surprise fade-out suggests that nothing in it should be taken seriously, there is always just enough edge to the satire to indicate that the film's makers are very serious indeed. And there is more than enough quality in both pictures to make us wonder what has been happening in the Polish cinema *since* 1958.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Bard Is the Question

"Shaw on Shakespeare," edited by Edwin Wilson *(Dutton. 279 pp. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.75), and* ***"A Life of Shakespeare," by Hesketh Pearson*** *(Walker. 239 pp. $5), reach differing conclusions about the great Elizabethan playwright. Henry Popkin, who teaches English at New York University, edited "Four Modern Plays: Second Series."*

By Henry Popkin

THESE two books are curiously linked, and the links are all the more curious since the authors come to precisely opposite conclusions in what they consider to be their most distinctive findings on Shakespeare. The links are easily enough established. Hesketh Pearson, perhaps the most productive of all living biographers, is best known for his life of Bernard Shaw. He has himself been an actor, and he entered the British theatre just at the time when Shaw had finished reforming it—or trying to. His preface indicates that, in writing on Shakespeare, he is particularly concerned about answering one previous biographer—Frank Harris (Shaw's editor, whose life of Shakespeare was, Pearson thinks, overpraised by GBS)—and about answering one previous Shakespeare critic—Shaw himself.

Edwin Wilson has collected nearly all of Shaw's writing on Shakespeare. But, for some reason, the playlet "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" does not appear, although its preface is represented. Everything else one might wish for seems to be present, and the result is a coherent, provocative, fascinating, indispensable study of Shakespeare. At the same time, Shaw's criticism is limited by the peculiar historical role that he chose to play. Most of his essays are play reviews, in which he combats deplorable tendencies in the Shakespearean production of an earlier day. Some of the point has now departed from his arguments since the terrible things that Sir Henry Irving used to do to Shakespeare are no longer done; still, Shakespeare in our day suffers other kinds of mistreatment, and Shaw's general common sense can continue to serve as a wise corrective.

—Bettmann Archive.

William Shakespeare as portrayed by Droeshout in 1623.

However, Shaw develops another main argument that we are less likely to find palatable. It is all very well to slay the dead dragon of Sir Henry Irving, but GBS goes on to measure Shakespeare against the thought and drama of Shaw's own time and finds the Elizabethan wanting. Shakespeare "was no Oscar Wilde" for wit and no Brieux for social doctrine. He celebrates the demon drink but scorns women's rights. Many of his characters are horrible examples (without being so labeled), while others tend to be inconsistent or merely dull. And, in one way or another, Shaw disposes of an alarming number of Shakespeare's characters —Falstaff ("a besotted and disgusting old wretch"); Lady Macbeth, Othello, Iago (all inconsistent); Benedick, Beatrice (both witless); Mercutio ("a detestable and intolerable cad"), and others. Othello "stops to philosophize foolishly about a candle end," and Juliet is equally silly on the nature of names.

HIS main objection is that Shakespeare's values are not those of Ibsen and Shaw. Shakespeare, Shaw maintains, "has much to show and nothing to teach." The poet "understood nothing and believed nothing." Shaw concedes that such a judgment is relative. Shakespeare's ideas or his lack of them may have been suitable to his own time, but the modern age requires constructive criticisms of society and is more likely to find them in its own authors. In the end Shakespeare is let off with good marks for his "word-music" and for his more rebellious plays.

Nevertheless, Shaw's bark is, as usual, worse than his bite. We have to read between the lines to ascertain his genuine fondness for Shakespeare. He continually admonishes actors to get Shakespeare's intentions right, to stop substituting their improvements for the Bard's text. But, why bother, if the soliloquies are foolish, the characterizations inconsistent, the ideas puerile? In theory, Shaw should be satisfied if only the "word-music" survives. Curiously, the three approved plays figure remarkably little in Shaw's criticism. Instead, he seems irresistibly drawn to the bad company of such good-for-nothings as Falstaff and Othello. His real concern bears fruit: even his wildest overstatements may genuinely illuminate problems in the plays. Of course, he misses a good deal, including the intricate designs of the early romantic comedies, but no one in our time approaches him in the application of cold reason.

Hesketh Pearson's book is one of the more "hypothetical" biographies. Its hypotheses are less startling than Frank Harris's but still too bold for comfort. Pearson does set down a solid bedrock of fact, but I am not sure it is necessary to assume, on the basis of "Macbeth does murder sleep," that the poet himself suffered from insomnia. When Pearson suggests that the absence of a source for "The Merry Wives of Windsor" gives further proof that the play was written in a hurry, he creates a weird impression of Shakespeare's methods; surely the poet saved time when he rewrote an old play. More disturbing are Pearson's fanciful assumptions that in certain lines, selected almost at random, Shakespeare speaks for himself. Among the surprising examples are Othello's last speech, Polonius's advice to Laertes, and a few lines spoken by Rosencrantz and Claudius.

Pearson's biography was completed in 1941, and it is consequently filled with proofs that Shakespeare offers tracts for the times. The dramatist, we are told, understood dictators like Hitler, wavering politicians like Neville Chamberlain, the strategy of the Fifth Column, and even the weaknesses of the French nation. He is, in short, for all time and especially for early 1941 (before Hitler's invasion of Russia, I should judge). I am surprised that the publisher did not have these references brought up to date. Might the omission have been a shrewd device to dramatize Shakespeare's universality? Probably not, but it has a little of that effect.

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Essence of His Existence

"Jean-Paul Sartre: A Literary and Political Study," by Philip Thody *(Macmillan. 237 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Jean-Paul Sartre: The Existentialist Ethic," by Norman N. Greene*** *(University of Michigan Press. 213 pp. $3.95), attempt to explain the elusive philosopher-writer. Alan Pryce-Jones was formerly editor of the London Times Literary Supplement. He is now in the States.*

By Alan Pryce-Jones

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE is one of those writers, like Wilde, D'Annunzio, or Thomas Mann, whose private skill has been so closely interwoven with public events that they belong to the domain of history as strictly as to that of literature. Such writers are versatile. They create works of art one day and enunciate dogma the next. They have a gift for catching the eye of their own times. They take themselves most seriously.

Just as one cannot think of the Nineties without Wilde, so the Forties of this century now seem unimaginable without Sartre. He remains, however, a writer hard of access. We must therefore be grateful to Mr. Thody for following his excellent book about Albert Camus with what he subtitles "A Literary and Political Study" of Camus's only rival.

Evidently the task was less congenial. Mr. Thody takes his readers through the whole corpus of Sartre's work and likes comparatively little of what he finds. He is a vegetarian in the meat market, perfectly capable of assessing the quality of the cuts but disapproving all the same. He sums the matter up by stating that possibly Sartre "is only incidentally a writer, in the sense that his main interests are philosophical and political rather than literary. Yet one must confess that, for all his shortcomings, he is the most attractive of authors to those who like their literature controversial, iconoclastic and intelligently partisan." Mr. Thody prefers Sartre's earlier, shorter books to the loquacious expositions that have so awed his admirers, to the point of saying roundly (and justly), in connection with "Saint Genêt Comédien et Martyr," that he "has shown himself quite oblivious of his own premise that literature is communication." In short, he finds Sartre easier to explain than to love.

—*Photo Pic.*

Jean-Paul Sartre—"a do-it-yourself philosopher's kit for the ordinary man."

One of the difficulties of explaining Sartre point by point and book by book is that a final synthesis is always elusive. For the importance of Sartre consists less in any single theory or definitive analysis than in the fact that he exists at all. He resembles philosophers of greater technical weight—men like Wittgenstein or A. J. Ayer—in that what he has to offer is twofold: a thesis for the experts to study, but also a kind of do-it-yourself philosopher's kit for the ordinary man.

For example, he has nothing very new to say about the meaning of existentialism, yet by identifying that Janus-like word with his own thought he has done far more than profounder existentialists to create an interest in the mental processes that it covers. At a time when exhaustion and satiety had marked European civilization almost equally, Sartre was one of those who issued an effective recall to order. He formulated the kind of message that can usefully be conveyed to a world which has lost interest in theology, in humanism, in liberal values; which evaluates all systems in terms of the power at their disposal; which prefers privilege to responsibility. A pessimist himself, he is anything but supine. In "Huis Clos" he tells us that human relationships are vowed to failure; in "Crime Passionel" he issues a dramatic warning against the decadence of Marxist theory; in "Baudelaire" and "Saint Genêt" he displays above all his dislike of middle-class ethos; in "Les Séquestrés d'Altona" he utters a cry of despair. It may turn out in the end that his creation of *Les Temps Modernes*, the independent left-wing journal that is run largely to promote his ideas and those of M. Merleau-Ponty as a running commentary on contemporary history, will prove his most valuable contribution to the life of his times.

Whether he like him or no, Mr. Thody situates each element in Sartre's teaching with exemplary care. He writes lucidly, and with an occasional touch of dry humor. His book does not supersede the much shorter one published in 1953 by Iris Murdoch; but it is up to date and consistently intelligent.

Norman N. Greene has a somewhat different aim. He writes as a critic of ideas rather than of literature. First he carries the idea of existentialism from Kierkegaard to the present day, putting emphasis on the conclusion that "the individual must bear the weight of his freedom in solitude." He examines "L'Etre et le Néant" as a fundamental exposé of Sartre's philosophical views, and then goes on to discuss him as a social and a political thinker. The books are only introduced if they throw light on abstract ideas. Finally, Dr. Greene considers Sartre's atheist position in relation to Catholic belief, his ambiguous attitude to Marxist ideology, and the consequences that follow; on the one hand, Sartre's contempt for what it is now fashionable to call the "organization man" and, on the other, his provocative statement that "man fundamentally is the desire to be God."

Dr. Greene is much better disposed toward Sartre than is Mr. Thody. He sees in him the architect of a philosophy "of and for the twentieth century," and he is much less willing than many of Sartre's critics to admit inconsistencies and negligences. He presents difficult ideas extremely well, and he is quick to perceive one essential fact about his subject: namely, that Sartre is essentially a moralist. He admits no final solution. We are creating our own past, present, and future all the time; we cannot help ourselves; we cannot avoid using our freedom for good or evil.

Those who feel any urge to meet the challenge implicit in every line of Sartre's doctrine will be encouraged by Dr. Greene's critical approval.

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The Romantic Satirist

—Bettmann Archive.

Heinrich Heine—"imagination . . . companioned by unfailing intelligence."

"The Sword and the Flame: Selections from Heinrich Heine's Prose," edited by Alfred Werner *(Yoseloff. 584 pp. $6), provides a potpourri from the pen of a German whose proudest claim was to have been "a soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity." Ben Ray Redman is syndicated by the Saturday Review Book Service.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THE NAZIS did many foolish as well as many terrible things, and one of the most foolish, as Dr. Werner reminds us, was to print "Die Lorelei" in German school textbooks with the note: "Author unknown." They found it possible to refrain from sending Heine's poems to the gas chamber, but their pure Aryan consciences told them that no German child must be corrupted by being permitted to learn the name of the Jew who wrote *"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten," "Du bist wie eine Blume,"* and *"Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland."*

They probably did not have to be as careful in dealing with his prose, as it is unlikely that, with the possible exception of "The Hartz Journey," it was being read in Germany in 1933. Perhaps the Nazis did not even look into it, but if they did they must have read some interesting things. For example:

> The German revolution will not be milder and gentler because it was preceded by Kant's "Critique," by Fichte's transcendental idealism, and even by the philosophy of nature. These doctrines have developed revolutionary forces that wait only for the day when they erupt and fill the world with terror and admiration. . . . The old stone gods will rise from forgotten rubble and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor will leap up and with his giant hammer start smashing Gothic cathedrals. . . .

Heine has been proved a shrewd political prophet. He was also a writer of remarkable range, extraordinary eloquence, irrepressible fancy, and mordant wit. He had a vaulting, darting imagination, and a pen that could keep pace with it. This imagination, most remarkably, was companioned by unfailing intelligence.

As a satirist his place is among the world's masters, by the side of Voltaire. It is true that he wrote no single work to rival "Candide," but satire permeates his writing—often appearing unexpectedly—and the sum of it is great. He has been called, and was, a journalist; but one who proved that it is possible to translate journalism into literature. He was protean—a poet and a poet in prose, an objective reporter, a romantic fantast, a social thinker, a critic of art and literature, a cultural historian, a unique travel writer, and a fighter for the freedom of all men everywhere. "Freedom," he wrote, "is a new religion, the religion of our age." His proudest claim was to have been *"ein braver Soldat im Befreiungskriege der Menscheit,"* a soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity.

Many, but not all, of his talents are displayed in the selections from his work that make up Dr. Werner's anthology. "Florentine Nights," in which he evokes with soaring flights of eloquence the figure of Paganini and tells of Mlle. Laurence, shows us the romantic Heine. "From the Memoirs of Herr Von Schnabelewopski" proves what the satirist could do when he aimed at a target like Hamburg. In "The Rabbi of Bacherach" Heine sought to retain contact with his Jewish past. "The Hartz Journey" made his prose as famous as his poetry. "Ideas—Book le Grand" is an autobiographical and fanciful potpourri, which includes an account of his one glimpse of Napoleon. "The Baths of Lucca" finds him in a playful mood, until he lashes out at the homosexual poet Count Von Platen. "English Fragments," in which he damns London and Wellington, and lauds Canning, is perhaps the most interesting of the selections, as it offers an ideal field for the play and interplay of Heine's multiple talents. The anthology is topped off with a version of Faust, some remarks on the legend, and hints as to what happened to the immortal pagan gods when Christianity triumphed.

Dr. Werner's excellent biographical and critical introduction of almost 100 pages will prove valuable to readers unfamiliar with Heine's life and writings. Charles Godfrey Leland's somewhat antiquated translations have been revised for this anthology.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ISLANDS IN MYTHOLOGY

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten islands on which the following briefly described matters in Greek myths occurred. Answers on page 58.

1. When the Odyssey begins, the hero has been trapped on this island home of Calypso for seven years.
2. Ariadne was deserted by Theseus and found by Bacchus on this island
3. Here Circe changed men into swine and other animals.
4. This island was a floating one until Jupiter fastened it down in honor of Latona.
5. Here was the home of the three-bodied monster Geryon.
6. Vulcan landed here with a broken leg when he was thrown out of heaven.
7. Daedalus built the labyrinth on this island.
8. Here the Phaeacians made ships that could steer themselves.
9. On this island Lycomedes ruled and Achilles grew up.
10. Here King Pygmalion, the woman-hater, fell in love with his own creation.

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Politics USA

Continued from page 27

American life. He is disturbed that a candidate's potential for the White House is measured not only by his true qualities but also by "the astral personality he manages to project through a vacuum tube." Meyer feels that, measured by the image yardstick, Grant, McKinley, and Harding were impeccable, while Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy had too many negative factors against them. Yet, the important point that the author does not develop is that Kennedy in the 1960 campaign and Roosevelt during his Presidency were able to manipulate the mass media and overcome the slick public relations approach.

Meyer quotes with approval Samuel Lubell's warning that the time to worry about the United States is not when we are battling among ourselves but when "all is moderation." Like other students of politics, the author is alarmed over the lack of dissenters in many phases of our society. And he wonders how new ideas and approaches will develop, considering the disintegration of minor parties. To those who would suggest "the liberal Democrats," Meyer acidly comments: "Pugnacity, more often than not, has given way to an earnest exurbanite sincerity; passion to a bland smile . . . In a phrase, the New Deal has given way to the Smooth Deal. . . ."

The author does, however, see some helpful developments during the passive Fifties. Adlai E. Stevenson, critic of the "pervasive blandness," contributed an enlightened approach to issues and stimulated a number of high-caliber people to become candidates. The warm response to Kennedy's Peace Corps on the campuses Meyer also finds encouraging. Actually, he ignores the "sit-ins," the "kneel-ins," and the student-led boycotts of chains that practise segregation, which were an earlier indication that the younger generation was breaking through the euphoria of the Eisenhower years. The author sees constructive indications, too, that under Kennedy's leadership the United States may shake off its torpor.

Since he assumed office, President Kennedy has warned that "our greatest adversary is not the Russians. It is our own unwillingness to do what must be done." But until the President sets forth from the pulpit of the White House what is required of the people to improve the present circumstance of the nation, the public cannot know what it can do. Merely a bland and adroit management of the White House will not be sufficient to arouse the nation to the exertions necessary at this crucial moment. It is on this theme that Meyer closes his sharp, powerful analysis of "The New America."

The Dynamic Democrats

"Leaders and Liberals in 20th Century America," by Charles A. Madison *(Ungar. 473 pp. $6.50), scrutinizes the men who have been in the vanguard of democracy for the past sixty years. Norman Thomas was many times candidate for President on the Socialist ticket.*

By Norman Thomas

THIS reviewer read Charles Madison's biographical essays with a kind of nostalgia because of the memories they evoked and with gratitude to him for the excellence of his performance. Part One of his book, entitled "The Struggle for Social Justice," has as its heroes Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Robert M. La Follette, and Louis D. Brandeis, all of whom Mr. Madison likes better than they liked one another. The second part, entitled "The New Deal and After," contains admirable essays on Franklin D. Roosevelt, George W. Norris, Hugo L. Black, and Harry S. Truman. In a concluding chapter on "The Dynamism of Democracy" Mr. Madison reaches the—to me—escapable conclusion: "Contemporary society must choose between the totalitarian state and welfare democracy."

Mr. Madison holds our interest without straining for effect. His essays contain the important facts about his heroes and, in general, discriminating judgments on their characters and services to their country. Nevertheless, I am moved by these essays to record, rather dogmatically, my own divergence from some of the author's judgments, expressed or implied.

My limited personal experience with Woodrow Wilson's intimate, Colonel E. M. House, makes me question the value of his contributions to the President. The latter steadily refused to see any delegation from committees or organizations concerned with his Administration's ruthless disregard for civil liberties. Once he referred a subcommittee of the Civil Liberties Bureau (forerunner of the present American Civil Liberties Union) to Colonel House, whose reception of our complaints and our suggestion that the President might need support for his fourteen points from the left was totally negative.

The U.S. did not enter World War I "to make the world safe for democracy" however hard Mr. Wilson may have tried to persuade himself and others that that was our intention. We entered because we had acquired an enormous economic stake in the Allied cause, and the Germans, after warning from Wilson, renewed submarine attacks on ships carrying American citizens as well as war supplies. If we could have traded with both sides or neither, we should not have entered one of the bloodiest and stupidest wars in history. Mr. Wilson was right in his earlier judgments of the war, and I think the British military historian Major General John J. Fuller right in believing that had we stayed out—especially if we had more effectively used our moral and economic pressure—the world might have had an earlier and better peace than Versailles.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt's policy of shutting off all aid to the Spanish Loyalist government, under attack from Mussolini and Hitler, was one of the factors that made World War II more certain. In that war Mr. Roosevelt's approach to peace was at least partly responsible for the succession of crises that Mr. Truman and the rest of us faced. Our author, incidentally, takes a very benign view of Stalin's policies. He writes:

> It was only after Roosevelt's death, when the Russians became apprehensive of Churchill's antagonism and when their fears of the Truman Administration were confirmed by the sudden stoppage of Lend-Lease supplies and the unexpected reversal of a projected loan that they began to act arbitrarily in their own national interests.

Mr. Roosevelt shared Mr. Madison's attitude during the long period when he substituted "unconditional surrender" for any well-considered policy of peace in Europe and Asia, and gambled so heavily on Stalin's cooperation. He was shaken in that confidence before he died.

Bruening, last Chancellor of the Weimar Republic, told me in the fall of 1945 that shortly before Roosevelt's death two emissaries from the President came to see him to say that FDR

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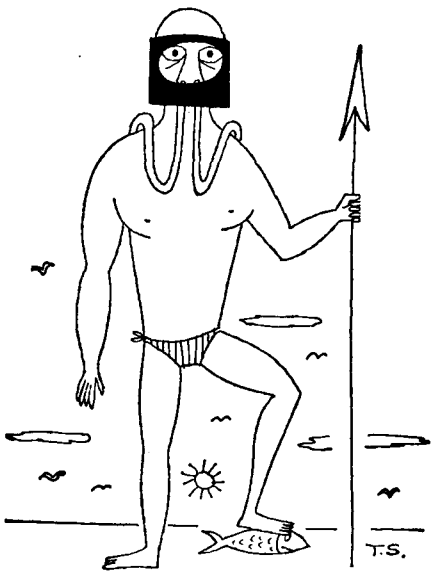
was disquieted about Stalin's attitude and plans and wondered whether on account of them he ought to change his approach to the reorganization of Germany. He asked Bruening's advice but died, the exiled Chancellor was sure, before he could have received his reply.

I share Mr. Madison's appreciation of Hugo Black's very great services on the Supreme Court. In this case a Roosevelt gamble paid off handsomely. He got a New Deal Senator easily confirmed as Judge by Senatorial courtesy. Justice Black more than made good. But looking back on the Judge's earlier record, as Mr. Madison gives it, his former membership in the KKK, and his unsatisfactory defense of it, I see no reason for repentance that I was one of those opposed to his appointment; only satisfaction that our reasonable fears were so handsomely allayed by time.

Mr. Madison lightly passes over the fact that none other than our present civil liberties absolutist is the same Hugo Black who wrote the decision in the Korematsu case, justifying the evacuation of Japanese and Japanese-Americans from the West Coast—probably the Court's worst single denial of Constitutional rights in my lifetime. Justice Black vindicated his position because we were at war, and in war military denials of right may be justified. It would appear to this layman that the chief difference between him and the majority of the Court in recent cases in which he has eloquently dissented is that they think legislative committees in a cold war may be justified in abridgment of the First Amendment while for him a shooting war was necessary.

These and some other dissents for which I have not space should not be taken as wiping out my praise of Mr. Madison's book.



White House Pathfinder

"Report of the County Chairman," by James A. Michener *(Random House. 310 pp. $3.95), recounts the novelist's experiences during the last Presidential campaign. Sidney Hyman is a political reporter who frequently writes about the Capital.*

By Sidney Hyman

JAMES MICHENER is known to millions of readers as a novelist of good will who has used the exotic backgrounds of the South Pacific, Japan, and Hawaii for his stories about racial pride and prejudice. His new book is a work of nonfiction. Yet it resembles his novels in two respects. Its setting—the 1960 Presidential campaign—has in it a strong dash of the "gee whiz." Its central theme is the religious prejudice that pockmarked the campaign.

In his statements Mr. Michener starts with the reasons that led him to back John F. Kennedy as a candidate for the 1960 Democratic Presidential nomination, and then for the Presidency itself. From there he relates what he thought, saw, did – and, above all, said—during the campaign period when he was the chairman of the Citizens for Kennedy Committee in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Then he tries to raise this experience to the plane of the universal, as if to draw the moral of the entire story for Americans everywhere. All this is billed as the "factual record of the reflections of a citizen."

The net effect might have been a few epiphanies if the citizen had something of André Gide's or Albert Camus's gift to see and see himself seeing, to act and watch himself acting. It is conceivable, for example, that Gide or Camus could have begun with the question of garbage collection in Bucks County, and ended by raising and provisionally answering major questions about modern man as a political animal. Yet despite the vast scope of the Presidential campaign—and despite Mr. Michener's praiseworthy dedication to Mr. Kennedy's cause—one must sadly report that the author could have better served his own reputation had he left these pages in a file reserved for rough drafts.

To be sure, there are some good passages. Mr. Michener's reconstruction of how the Stevenson Democrats, for example, approached the election contest, has a strong pulse beat. As have his anecdotes about a certain Sam Thompson, the raffish saint of the Bucks County story, and his anecdotes about several other co-workers in the campaign. It is also good to have Mr. Michener speak his outrage at the indecencies of the religious intolerance he encountered. Best of all, there is his instructive account of present-day trends in suburbia as incarnated in a place like Levittown, Pennsylvania.

Yet once these passages are given their due, there remains the long inventory of embarrassing defects. Only a few of these can be cited here.

For one thing, notwithstanding the author's repeated use of the word "brilliant" in describing the array of people he met, there is an irritating air of condescension connected with his own part in the campaign: a sense of a man standing in awe before the fact that he himself came down from Olympus and threw in his lot with ordinary mortals. For another thing, despite Mr. Michener's carefully spaced confessions of political innocence (presumably to heighten the dramatic tension), there follows a tedious recital of the shrewd postures he struck and the clever speeches he made in the campaign. Indeed, the impression is sometimes conveyed that he and not John F. Kennedy was the 1960 Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Next, either there is the strong odor of fiction to the way Mr. Michener reconstructs in quotation marks what people said to him in private conversation, or, equally unnatural, they sound off like morality-play characters bearing signs reading: "I AM BRILLIANT," "I AM WRONG-HEADED," etc. Finally, Mr. Michener's experience in the campaign was limited almost exclusively to the geographical areas that Mr. Kennedy lost. His reflections, therefore, must necessarily be parochial, since they leave untouched the larger story of how and why Mr. Kennedy actually won the White House.

Readers like myself who thoroughly enjoy Mr. Michener's works of fiction can only hope that now that he has purged this compulsive book from his system, he will sit down and write for us another engrossing novel—and leave analytical political reporting to Walter Lippmann and James Reston.

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Africa–In Fact

Continued from page 22

speaks eloquently, with conviction and with considerable cogency. And anyone interested in the subject must certainly be grateful for his analysis of neo-African literature. Mr. John's identification of what he likes to call the "paradigmatic" quality of this literature is very revealing. And although I doubt whether it is quite as exclusively neo-African as he suggests, it nevertheless is an essential feature in the orientation of much of neo-African writing.

In Mr. Jahn's efforts to formulate a more or less unified neo-African culture with a specific tradition and an intellectual rationalization, the results are less convincing. This becomes especially disturbing in his attempt to treat African religio-cultural orientations as philosophy and to derive from this highly abstracted kind of system an intellectual framework for the content and style of neo-African esthetics. Even if there were any validity in this approach for one African cultural tradition, it becomes highly suspect when the resulting "philosophy" turns out to be rather a composite structure with no proven relevancy to all of Africa.

It is also unfortunate that Mr. Jahn has presented a highly biased picture of anthropological generalizations about the dynamics of cultural change in Africa. He has overlooked authority that would have provided him with support for his view of an emerging neo-African culture, even though it might have diminished the apparent originality of his conception. However, on the esthetic side this is one of the few books available and, thus well worth reading. —HARRY L. SHAPIRO.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 933

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 933 will be found in the next issue.

MGSR NGQQZ AR WLB DXZW GRH WLB XRDXZW PXW WLB XRDXZW LGEB XTPMBQQGZ.

SMG OGQQGKL

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 932

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—LAURENCE STERNE.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Voices of "Wisdom"

By WALTER STARKIE

LIVING as we do in an age of ballyhoo, hidden persuaders, and mass culture, it rejoices our heart to discover a promoter who is enterprising enough to launch, through the intimate medium of the record, the individual message of eight of the world's wise men of our time. The ancient world selected its sages and limited them to the mystical number seven, and there is an anonymous Greek poem extant in which the seven wise men's wisdom is perpetuated. Our promoters today, we note, have chosen in preference the number eight, which, because it divides and redivides evenly, was consecrated by the Pythagoreans as the number of Justice or Reason.

There is one great difference between the seven sages of antiquity and our eight wise men of the contemporary world: The former, when they were interviewed by the anonymous poet, were deliberately laconic, not to say cagey, in their answers, and contented themselves with uttering a platitude. Thus Cleobulus of Lindus declared that "the mean is best"; the Spartan Chilon said, "Know thyself"; the Corinthian Periander retorted, "Curb your anger"; and Solon, the Athenian, the wisest of the seven, advised mankind "to look to the end of life." The anonymous interviewer then concludes:

"Few were their words, but if you look
You'll much in little see."

Our modern octet of sages, on the contrary, lay bare their souls and measure their wisdom by their life's philosophy. We must congratulate the National Broadcasting Corporation for making such a varied and distinguished selection for their two volumes of recorded conversations: DL 9083 and DL 9084 ($4.98 each), which are issued by Decca Records of New York.

In Volume I the four sages are Carl Sandburg, the minstrel poet; Dr. Harlow Shapley, the astronomer and astrophysicist; Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister; and Jacques Lipchitz, the sculptor. In Volume II we hear the utterances of the patriarchal Jewish sage David Ben-Gurion; Frank Lloyd Wright, the architectural pioneer; Lord Russell, the mathematician and philosopher; and finally Ireland's great voice in the theatre, Sean O'Casey. The editors and producers have spared no pains in staging the sages in their own surroundings, with the result that the wise men seem to be playing host to the listeners.

The programs are, in fact, visits to the great in their own homes, and the interviewer not only is an unobtrusive guest, off-camera, and, in fact, a proxy for the audience, but also a sympathetic friend of the master. Thus, for instance, Prime Minister Nehru converses with Chester Bowles, who was formerly American Ambassador to India. Their conversation took place in the paradise garden of the official residence in New Delhi, and we hear every now and then the warbling and the cries of exotic birds. And Sean O'Casey's homespun Dublin brogue rises above a pedal-point of seacoast sounds from the author's home in Devon.

The most moving and dramatic of the series is the first conversation in Volume I, because Carl Sandburg is minstrel and poet as well as sage. As a minstrel he has his rhapsodic kinks and he knows the secret of giving his words just the right emphasis.

Our memories of his minstrelsy date back to 1924-31. He then used to sing excerpts from his "Songbag," which he was about to publish, and he would describe his adventures on the trail of Abraham Lincoln, whose biography he planned as his life's work. Today the venerable American minstrel's greatest appeal springs from his mature meditations on the words of the great President whom he calls "a titanic character with all the mystery attaching to democracy, and the man who embodies the American dream." We then realize that wisdom is the magic gift of intuition, which enables a poet, a statesman, or an artist to recognize the hero or the man of destiny when he comes across him. Carl Sandburg, as he wandered and groped his way through life, became a prophet, for he understood that America needs today more than ever before to ponder the words of Lincoln: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate for the stormy present."

Dr. Harlow Shapley translates us to outer space, far away from China, Russia, and even Cuba, as he answers the questions propounded by a charming lady scientist. It takes a wise astronomer like Dr. Shapley to bring us light in these dark days of nuclear confusion, but it is a comfort to learn that the sun is very healthy and well thermostated and will last a good million years or more; and that the stars are too far apart to do our planet any damage as its orbit is constant. But Dr. Shapley warns us not to be too conservative, as the dinosaurs were. The atom can make a great future for us if it is the chained atom; the wild atom could destroy us.

In Nehru we observe the same cult of the hero as in the case of Carl Sandburg, and the one moment when his precise Cambridge-bred voice warms up emotionally is when he describes how Gandhi, the saintly apostle of passive resistance, inspired him in the struggle for Indian independence. The aftermath of that struggle, Nehru said, was disillusion and the sense of failure. "We had to get back self-confidence," he says, "at a moment when all that Gandhi had taught the people seemed to be forgotten. All that we have achieved in later years has been done practically without help from outside." Nehru's words to Ambassador Bowles are an appeal for world peace by one who has achieved the balance and serenity of true wisdom. "I do not," he says, "attach much importance to America's bombs: I attach importance to her great vitality and integrity. The strength of America is deeper and more significant than her financial power."

In contrast to Nehru, David Ben-Gurion impresses everyone by his titanic energy. He is a massive figure hewn from granite, and only an Epstein could carve his profile. Success for him, in his career as builder of a people, means "human creativeness": "When I see a tree," he says, "I know I planted it. If it is a house, I built it; I speak a language I developed. I shape my life according to my desires." Nevertheless, Ben-Gurion, in spite of his colossal self-confidence, relies upon his avatar as much as Sandburg and Nehru, and Ben-Gurion's avatar was Einstein. He even offered him the presidency of Israel after the death of Dr. Weizmann.

In his theories of art, the Jewish sculptor Jacques Lipchitz seems to reinforce the message given by Ben-Gurion, for he too is obsessed by the necessity of keeping in touch with art movements all over the world, in order that eventually art may create a universal language. "Art," says Lipchitz, the Lithuanian, in his exotic lingua franca, "is a 'témoignage' of our age." The artist bears a responsibility to the period in which he lives. This feeling of responsibility, which he feels as an artist, is the same as that felt by his fellow wise men. In their wisdom they all share a deep concern for today's world and for the future of the human race. Lipchitz felt

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this responsibility most acutely years ago in France, when he saw women praying ecstatically in front of a statue of the Virgin. Then one day a French priest asked him to sculpt a Virgin for a Catholic Church. "But do you know I am a Jew?" he said. The priest replied, "If it doesn't disturb you, it doesn't disturb me." He agreed to make the statue on condition that he would be allowed to place a certain inscription on the statue. It reads: "Jacob Lipchitz, Jew, faithful to the religion of his ancestors, made this Virgin for a better understanding of human beings on this earth so that the spirit may prevail."

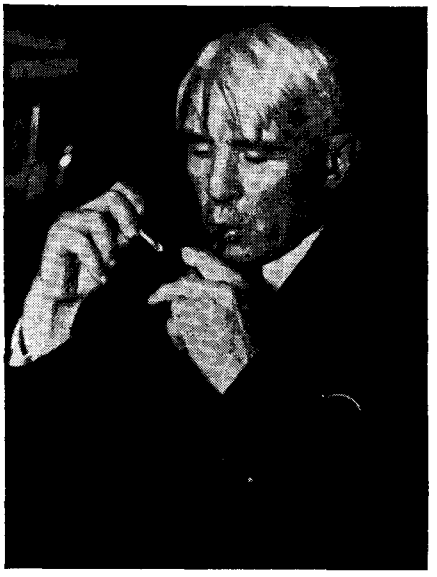
The last three wise men seem to us to belong to a different category and are in themselves such paladins of controversy that something in the nature of a Socratic symposium should have been arranged to spark them into full activity.

Lord Russell has aroused such fierce controversy in the past and has been so often misrepresented by opponents, that some of his devotees may regret that an *advocatus diaboli* was not smuggled in to provoke the sage into giving one of his devastating repartees. There are, in fact, three Bertrand Russells: the experimental investigator, the social critic, and the Voltairean satirist. At the beginning of his dialogue he speaks reminiscently, like a *laudator temporis acti*. "The world when I was a boy," he says, "was a solid world. It never dawned upon the English people that England would not always rule the waves." Progress was a doctrine among the Victorians, but it was Bertrand Russell himself, as well as George Bernard Shaw and Dr. Inge, who effectively liquidated such nineteenth-century illusions. When asked what the world today needs to reach a happy state, Lord Russell replied: "Three things: a world government which would lead to the avoidance of war; approximate economic equality all over the world; and a nearly stationary population." When asked about his philosophy he replied: "I think that we ought always to entertain our opinions with some measure of doubt. If a philosophy is to bring happiness it should be inspired by kindly feelings. Marx pretended that he wanted the happiness of the proletariat: what he really wanted was the unhappiness of the bourgeois."

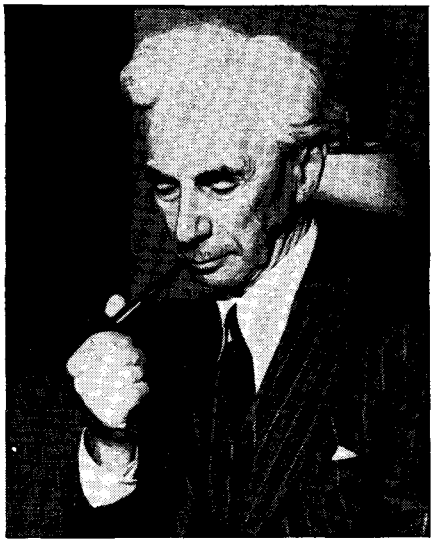
If Lord Russell mellowed with age and shed some of his former asperities, the same cannot be said of the great Frank Lloyd Wright, an "enfant terrible" among architects. No one has been more bitterly attacked than this great pioneer. The European and Oriental architects appreciated his work long before his American fellow countrymen did. In his conversation with Hugh Downes the master lists his innovations, which have revolutionized architecture in the world: a new sense of space and the "streamlining" (he coined the word) of the contents of that space. In his struggle (which was philosophical as well as practical) to evolve an architecture expressing freedom and democracy, he created the "open plan," and "the inside went outside," with the result that there was more and more space. He was also responsible for many structural innovations, such as "gravity heat," or heat in the floor, the "corner window," and "indirect lighting." He proudly claims to have destroyed the box house. When Hugh Downes asked the architect whether he felt that American architecture has progressed generally during the past several years, he replied: "No, I'm afraid it has not. The center seems to have languished. If students and architects once mastered the inner principle, infinite variety would result. No one would copy anyone else. My own great disappointment always is that instead of emulation I see waves of imitation."

With Sean O'Casey, we are back again in the rhapsodic world of minstrelsy, and the octogenarian dramatist wafts us into the Ireland of his youth with his singing of the traditional "Bard of Armagh." Of the eight wise men Sean O'Casey alone is in the tragic position of an exile. Whereas Nehru and Ben-Gurion, after their years of rebellion and civil strife, may look with pride on their national achievements, Sean O'Casey, like James Joyce and many other Irish writers of renown, lives out his years of exile on his rock in Devon. Exile for him has been heartbreaking, not only because he had to cut himself adrift from Ireland after she had obtained her freedom, but also because he realized sadly that the Irish people had given up their dream of redemption after they had won political freedom from England. Sean O'Casey at eighty-two still clings to his philosophy of Quixotism, and in exile still tries to save the soul of Ireland. O'Casey, too, like the other wise men, has an ever-present avatar—the poet William Butler Yeats, whom he calls "the greatest poet-playwright since Shakespeare."

The future has no terrors for this modern Don Quixote, who has ripened his wisdom through suffering, and his final message to the world is one of optimism: "Politics try to separate us and keep us from one another, whereas nature is always trying to bring us together. Her latest gift to the world is the atomic bomb. What will happen? War or peace? Mankind is going to choose the power of Light. Thus there will be no World War."



Sandburg—"mature meditation."



Russell—"mellowed with age."

O'Casey—"wisdom through suffering."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"The Songs of Woody Guthrie": Cisco Houston—"Pastures of Plenty," "Ship in the Sky," "Deportees," "Grand Coulee Dam," "Reuben James," "Curly Headed Baby," "Ladies Auxiliary," "Taking It Easy," "Jesus Christ," "Buffalo Skinners," "Pretty Boy Floyd," "Talking Fishing Blues," "Do Re Mi," five others. Vanguard VRS 9089, $4.98.	In his liner notes, Cisco Houston wrote: "During the more than twenty years I've known and loved Woody Guthrie, I've never known him to be afraid of anything." These words apply equally to Houston himself. He recorded this musical tribute to Guthrie last October, following an operation for the cancer that was to snuff out his life on April 28 at the age of forty-two. Never, though, did he seem in better form, never was his singing more convincing. Like Guthrie himself, Houston was a grassroots balladeer in the best sense of the term. Houston's performances glow with this direct, warmhearted sincerity; they ring true, they express the musical soul of America with divining accuracy.
"Two-Way Trip": Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl — "Waly, Waly," "Richie Story," "The Crafty Farmer," "The Barring of the Door," "The Two Brothers," "Jackaro," "The Carrion Crow," "Mattie Groves," six others. Folkways FW 8755, $5.95.	Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl have been recording at a greatly accelerated pace of late. This new album is divided equally between American songs of British ancestry, and English and Scots ballads collected in their native habitat. Several very long (and three unaccompanied) songs may prove somewhat taxing for the nonscholar, but by and large the vigor and spirit of the performances should carry the day.
"The Greatest Folk Songs Ever Sung": The Wilcox Three—"Tom Dooley," "Goodnight, Irene," "Kisses Sweeter than Wine," "The Roving Kind," "Darling Cory," "The Wreck of the John B," "Sylvie," "Down by the Riverside," "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," "When the Saints Go Marching In." Camden CAL 669, $1.98.	Whoever conceived the format for the debut album of the Wilcox Three served these talented teen-agers less than ideally. Had they been featured in a program of unusual or rarely heard ballads, their pleasant, always musical singing might well have been displayed to good advantage. As it is, though, the songs are not only extremely familiar, but specifically associated with several of the top performers in the folk field. The inevitable comparisons can only resound to the trio's disadvantage. "Tom Dooley" is nicely done, for instance, but it pales beside the crackling Kingston Trio setting. Similarly, Woody Guthrie's "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You" emerges without either the fire or the humor that the Weavers bring to it.
"Come and Go With Me": Ronnie Gilbert —"In the Evening," "Los Cuatro Muleros," "Another Man Done Gone," "La Quince Brigada," "The Golden Vanity," "Spanish Is a Loving Tongue," "Meeting at the Building," "Hosannah," "House in New Orleans," five others. Vanguard VRS 9052, $4.98.	Ronnie Gilbert, the vivacious female member of the Weavers, gets strong instrumental support from two other members of the quartet, the Messrs. Fred Hellerman and Eric Darling, but vocal honors accrue to her alone. Miss Gilbert's solo singing here is surprisingly mellow and delicate, far more intimate than most of her work with the Weavers would have suggested. "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier," "House in New Orleans," the original setting of "Go From My Window"—all these are well performed. Flashes of the more electric side of her personality appear also from time to time—especially in the two Spanish ballads—contributing to a well-balanced and stimulating concert.
"Ireland, My Ireland": Eileen Donaghy—"Homes of Donegal," "Barney Brannigan," "If We Only Had Ireland Over Here," "Girl with the Brogue," "Glenswilly," "Rose of Aranmore," "Boys from County Mayo," five others. Epic LF 18004, $3.98.	Eileen Donaghy makes what I believe to be her American recording debut with a sprightly and nostalgic program. Although not an inspired singer, she has a fresh, pleasing voice, a natural delivery, and the altogether praiseworthy habit of letting the songs speak for themselves. Her affinities would seem to lie more toward popular than folk traditions, but no matter—the colleen from County Tyrone should be able, in the words of one of her songs, to "beguile each mother's son of you."
"The Belafonte Folk Singers at Home and Abroad"—"Muleskinner Blues," "Les Raftsmen," "Shenandoah," "Didn't It Rain," "I Ride an Old Paint," "Mi Caballo Blanco," "Sano Duso," "Tunga," "Cock Robin," three others. RCA Victor LPM 2309, $3.98.	Exuberance, virility, and polish are the Belafonte Folk Singers' stocks in trade, and all of these worthy facets are well in evidence in this brightly entertaining folk song miscellany. Purists may quail at some of the melodic liberties and supremely sophisticated arrangements, but there's no faulting the immaculate singing of the twelve-man chorus. The five ballads comprising the "abroad" department are offered with artistic and linguistic flair, and the American songs too—particularly the quieter ones—are presented wth sensitivity and taste.
"International Songs and Ballads": Frances Archer and Beverly Gile—"All the Pretty Little Horses," "Oif'n Pripichick," "Ar Hyd Y Nos," "The Bold Soldier," "Venetian Song," "Tullatulala," "The Bamboo Flute," "La Noche 'Sta Serena," eight others. St/And SLS 7408 (Stereo), $4.98.	With all the publicity being lavished on the ever-increasing number of male singing groups, it seems only fair that the other side of the folkmusicological fence be represented by so expert a duo as Frances Archer and Beverly Gile. Although by no means authentic balladeers, they sing fluently in many languages, and capture well the widely varying spirit of their chosen repertoire. Although it was not submitted for review, the monophonic version of this album will most likely prove preferable to the stereo, because of the latter's overemphasized separation.
"The Soviet Army Chorus in Paris"—"La Marseillaise," "On the Road," "Partisan Song," "Dubinushka," "Meadowlands," "A Soldier Is Always a Soldier," "Soviet National Anthem," "Song of Troubled Youth," "You're Always Lovely," four others. Artia ALP 174, $4.98.	The manifold virtues of the Alexandrov Song and Dance Ensemble (better known in these parts as *The Soviet Army Chorus and Band*) are too familiar by now to require further recounting from this corner. Suffice it to say that the singing soldiers maintain their own lofty standards throughout their chosen program, which in itself is varied, entertaining, and happily bereft of the overlong, bathos-ridden type of song which has slowed the pace of several previous releases. Two non-Russian offerings add a touch of international spice: in tribute to their French hosts, the singers lead off with a properly robust performance of "La Marseillaise," and, perhaps in anticipation of further European travels, include an effective setting of a Chorus from Verdi's "Ernani."
"Balalaika": Sasha Polinoff and his Russian Gypsy Orchestra—"Polianka," "Troika," "Buran," "Bessarabia," "Ochi Chornya," "Hussari," "Ukrainian Medley," five others. Elektra EKL 194, $4.98.	If Russian gypsy music (or, more accurately, Russian cafe-style music) is your cup of borscht, this brightly vigorous instrumental album should help slake your thirst. Virtuoso Sasha Polinoff ably presides over a small but enthusiastic group of fellow balalaika-ists, while obbligatos on accordion and tambourine, even a few vocal outbursts now and again, add a suitably Slavic touch. Nothing profound here, obviously, but it's all very pleasant.
"Polyna Savridi Sings of Greece"—"My Love Is Being Married," "Encounter," "The Dancer," "Maiden's Bitter Song," "Maiden and Hunter," "The Mermaid," eleven others. St/And SLP 405, $4.98.	New York born, of Greek parents, Polyna Savridi was one of the regional winners in the 1960 Metropolitan Opera auditions. Judging by this disc, she has a voice of purity and much beauty, but not yet the flexibility and sparkle to make these rather austere songs entirely convincing. Some numbers are most attractively done, I must say, but the cumulative effect is static rather than dynamic, without sufficient variety to maintain a high level of interest. Excellent accompaniments are provided by flutist Andrew Loyla and pianist Kalman Novak. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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SONGS AND SOUNDS OF THE CENTENNIAL

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

BRUCE CATTON wrote that once the land had no great names and no history. It was a good land "with wood lots holding shadows beside the hot fields, blue hills hazy on the horizon, country roads going in aimless meanders from creek bottom and country store to places of no particular interest." Then the armies came and the names became terrible. But songs came also, and incomparable tradition, and so this Centennial year we celebrate the coming of age of what we no longer think of as "The Union."

Historical events in truth can never be as neatly packaged or oversimplified as their re-enactment on film or platter. Only in print is there room to approximate the unending detail, the endless muddling through that is the facsimile of a historical moment. History on the printed page is almost never written to be consumed at a sitting, while the physical dimensions of history on film or record are necessarily delimited; so words remain the primary historical source and the most precise reference to the original. A film or recording cannot run much over three hours or it has lost its audience. Yet, as an example of printed history, the simple diary of Gideon Welles, Lincoln's brilliant Secretary of the Navy, runs 1,500 pages and needs a week of reading nights to finish; and even the most modest Civil War Centennial books require a longer run-through than the longest record or film devoted to the same historical period.

Just the same, re-enactment through music and the human voice and the noise of a crowd and the plunk-plinkety-plunk of a Civil War banjo give three recordings just issued on Civil War themes unimaginable immediacy. There is need for more of this sort of auditory historical footnote. You are there, no doubt about it, when "Tenting Tonight," "Richmond Is a Hard Road to Travel," "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "The Vacant Chair," "No More Auction Blocks," "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," or "Oh, I'm a Good Old Rebel" spill out through a Folkways release called "Songs of the Civil War" (FH 5717, $11.90), sold in combination with Irwin Silber's marvelous Columbia University Press collection of the same songs in printed form, with piano and guitar arrangements by Jerry Silverman ($7.50; book and records together are $17.95). This pressing does nothing to dissuade an old Civil War buff, moreover, that the Stephen Foster era has never been surpassed for sentimental American music. If there is a greater group of U.S. war songs than "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Year of Jubilo," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Vacant Chair," and "John Brown's Body," these ears have never heard them. As performed by Pete Seeger, Sandy Ives, Bill McAdoo, Ellen Stekert, the New Lost City Ramblers, Hermes Nye, Cisco Houston, the Harvesters, Elizabeth Knight, and Silverman himself over some of the tinniest banjos this side of Appomattox, the combined recording-sheet music package is completely ingratiating. Just why "The Vacant Chair" is done in thoroughgoing hillbilly baffles me, but anyway the package is worth every penny, if for nothing else than "Somebody's Darling," an obscure sentimental ballad in six-eight time (most ballads then seem to have been 6/8) about a dying young soldier. It's a perfect beauty and ought to be on next week's top ten. We all could use it, believe me.

Golden Crest Records (stereo) has gone well beyond the simplicity of indigenous Centennial songs plinkety-plunked on an old banjo in "Names from the War" (CR 4026, $4.98), on the other side of which is the "Carl Sandburg Suite" by Alec Wilder, who also wrote the background music for "Names." Both scores are played by an orchestra conducted by Walter Ehret. The former is narrated by Dave Garroway with voices in the sky behind him, and it is all very self-conscious, in the old-time radio style of Norman Corwin. Although the words are Bruce Catton's—and therefore beautiful in the hauntingly patriotic cadence that is his alone of all those now writing history—even Garroway's gentle delivery cannot balance the Hollywood schmaltz. Had someone let Garroway alone with Catton's words we might have had a lovely and a quiet thing, but beauty and quietude no more than settle into your senses when Sam Goldwyn's angels rip the mood with their above-staff octaves, and Catton's magic is no more. I must say Garroway does his best. When left alone, this can be very provocative together with Catton's poetic prose. The other side is consciously derivative, based on such regional songs as "Hey, Betty Martin," "Sister, Thou Was Mild and Lovely," "Way Up on Clinch Mountain," "The Shanty Man's Life," "Love Somebody, Yes, I Do," and other Americana. But whether it is all worth it or simply an excuse to put Mr. Sandburg's craggy face on the back side of the jacket, I wouldn't care to say.

ITEM three is a Gold Star reproduction ($4.98) of the Lincoln inaugural centennial, celebrating his first swearing-in on March 4, 1861. The event came to life again on March 4, 1961, in the same spot in the nation's capital where Lincoln first said, "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection." Carl Sandburg appears in person in this one, setting the scene for the inaugural address that opens the other side of the recording. No one need be told at this point that Sandburg can write the English language as few others, living or dead, but the uninitiated may be further delighted at the clarity and lilt of Sandburg's fervent speaking voice. John C. Collison declaims the martyred President's address (Stephen Douglas held the stovepipe hat while Lincoln spoke), and while Lincoln's words are as always incomparable, and proof anew of his unmatched expository style, Collison can't quite make up his own mind whether he is Edward Everett or Edward Everett Horton.

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Music from the "Bluegrass" Roots

THIS stunningly recorded long-play collection serves as an admirable introduction to one of the most exciting and immediately appealing of America's indigenous folk music forms—the fleet, supercharged contemporary Southern string band style known as "Bluegrass" music—here played by the acknowledged masters of the idiom, Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys ("Foggy Mountain Banjo," Columbia CS-8364, $4.98 [stereo]; CL-1564, $3.98 [mono]).

Bluegrass music might best be described as the lineal descendent of the "old-timey" string band music of the Southern mountain regions. It has its antecedents in the work of such pioneering hill music outfits as Gid Tanner and his Skillet Lickers, Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, Fisher Hendley and his Aristocratic Pigs, and Frank Blevins and his Tar Heel Rattlers, to mention only four of the numerous groups of mountain musicians who recorded traditional songs in the traditional styles during the late 1920s and the early 1930s. Likewise, a new singing style had been developed, primarily through the efforts of the highly successful Carter Family, of Rye Cove, Virginia.

This essentially tradition-rooted music was gradually supplanted in the mid-1930s by the bland, polished, more "sophisticated" country-and-Western music, better known as "hillbilly." This, however, was more properly based in Tin Pan Alley than in the folk styles. The older styles had to go underground to survive.

Yet survive they did. It was not until the years immediately following World War II, however, that they were resurrected. It was at this time that Kentucky mandolinist Bill Monroe formed a group that included guitarist Lester Flatt, five-string banjoist Earl Scruggs, and fiddler "Chubby" Wise. It was both to revolutionize and to revitalize country music. Bill Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys, as the group was known, were instrumental in shaping the prototypes of a music that was given the generic name "Bluegrass," a music that differed markedly from the prevailing country styles.

The two most characteristic features of the group's new approach were its usage of nonamplified instruments (in direct contrast to the shrill, strident overamplified instruments of popular hillbilly music) and its employment of the five-string banjo as a lead or background in all songs. The five-stringer, which might be considered *the* native folk instrument of America, had been rarely used in commercial country music in the fifteen-year period prior to 1945. Monroe's gifted banjoist, Earl Scruggs, had perfected a discreet, flowing three-finger arpeggio technique that permitted the banjo's use as a solo instrument of astonishing flexibility and expressive power. This ground-breaking technique, which was given Scruggs's name, was widely imitated. It is at the very core of the Bluegrass approach, and is responsible for its distinctive sound.

THIS group stayed together for only a short time before Flatt and Scruggs left to form their own band, yet in that time managed to record for Columbia Records a number of superb sides that fixed both the standard instrumentation and approach of the classic Bluegrass style. (An impressive sampling of these early recordings is provided in a recent collection on Columbia's "Harmony" label, "The Great Bill Monroe and His Blue Grass Boys," HL-7290, $1.98. Listen especially to the two instrumentals, "Blue Grass Stomp" and "Blue Grass Breakdown," for some surging, rollicking examples of the idiom's final shape.)

The Foggy Mountain Boys — "exuberant, infectious Bluegrass."

From these recordings it may be seen that instrumentally Bluegrass is a charging, heavily syncopated dance music much like New Orleans jazz in that it is primarily a polyphonic ensemble music, replete with "breaks" and solos. Each of the instruments, moreover, has a specific and well-defined role that is rigidly adhered to: guitar and bass are used for backing, and one or occasionally two fiddles, a mandolin, and a five-string banjo are used for lead or solo playing. These last three generate an amazing contrapuntal complexity in the ensemble passages, just as the clarinet, trumpet, and trombone do in traditional New Orleans styles. At its most forceful it is an exciting, highly emotive, and intense music.

MOREOVER, the musical materials themselves are strictly circumscribed. The tunes and songs used, if not actually folk or "old-timey" pieces, are generally much closer in spirit and feeling to this tradition than are the vapid banalities of most of the popular commercial offerings in the hillbilly vein. (In this new LP collection, it may be noted, several authentic traditional tunes have been included: "Sally Ann," "Cripple Creek," "Lonesome Road Blues," "John Henry," "Sally Goodwin," and "Cumberland Gap." The old W. C. Handy staple, "Bugle Call Rag," shows the music's obvious indebtedness to New Orleans.)

At any rate, the style quickly caught on, achieving its widest popularity in the early 1950s. A good number of bands in the Bluegrass style grew up, patterned on the successful Monroe and Flatt-Scruggs groups, among them those of the Osborne Brothers and Don Reno, Red Smiley and the Tennessee Cut-ups.

Nevertheless, the admitted experts of the idiom remain Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys. This disc gives a stirring demonstration of just why they are so regarded, for the twelve instrumentals here are all powerful examples of the exuberant, infectious Bluegrass style at its most polished and sleek. The Flatt-Scruggs band attacks these tunes at breakneck tempos (in country music, a sure test of virtuosity), exhibiting at the same time a remarkably subtle group interaction and a collective musicianship that is staggering. Scruggs's brilliant, coruscating banjo lines and Flatt's equally facile guitar figures dart in and out of the dense polyphonic ensemble texture in one of the most exciting and fascinating experiences in all of American folk music.

—PETER J. WELDING.

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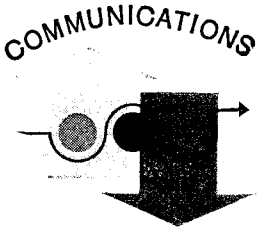
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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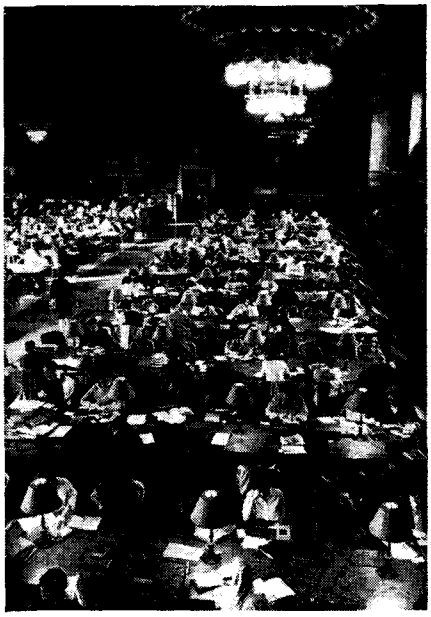

Love Letter to a Library

WE ONCE asked Marchette Chute, who had just finished a prodigious job of digging for "Shakespeare of London," what she owed the New York Public Library. She sighed and suggested we wait and read a piece she was doing for *Holiday* magazine on that very subject, a sort of love letter to the institution at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street that is celebrating its golden anniversary at that location this month. Here's what Miss Chute wrote of it, in part:

> The debt that New Yorkers owe the Library piles up until it becomes impossible to compute and perhaps I might end by narrowing it down to a single debt: my own. I was apparently intended by nature to be a biographer, but I would never have found this out without the New York Public Library.
>
> I entered it for the first time a few days after I came to New York to live, looking for background material for a story for young people about the Middle Ages. I spent a happy summer reading tractates on the plague and recipes for medieval face creams and tracing in the Map Division the route my heroine took in her travels through Southeast England.
>
> During that summer I developed a firm conviction that if any information was needed the Library had it somewhere, and the chief reason I became a biographer was that it was such fun to roam through the Library's vast collections and then, little by little, turn all the accumulated facts into the shape of a man.
>
> It was there, for instance, I found nearly all the information for my biography, "Shakespeare of London." The Library does not specialize in the Renaissance, and what is available on Shakespeare and his period is no more than is available on hundreds of other subjects. Yet the material on this one subject was so vast that I could become almost as close to the period as though I had been born there.
>
> I spent over two years at the Library six days a week, during the research for the biography. I wanted government reports and court documents, parish records and propaganda pamphlets, sermons and diaries and hosts of special studies; and as fast as I could turn in the call slips from the catalogue cards, the Library supplied everything I wanted.

The New York Public Library owes its enormous reputation among writers, editors, educators, and other communicators chiefly to an incomparable reference collection containing some 4,000,000 volumes written in 3,000 languages and dialects, plus 9,000,000 manuscripts, a quarter of a million maps, and several hundred thousand prints and musical scores. Besides what you may be looking up at the time (and there have been few days in our professional life when we haven't asked this library for something), you may see the first Gutenberg Bible to come to this country, the Bay Psalm Book, quarto and folio printings of Shakespeare, Washington's manuscript of his Farewell Address, Columbus's letter to Queen Isabella announcing discovery of the New World, Jefferson's first draft of the Declaration of Independence, or whatever priceless display may be the current specialty of the house.

In a single year, the library's reference staff takes care of 3,000,000 in-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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ADVERTISING'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

By JAMES F. FIXX

SCARCELY had President Kennedy announced the formation of the Peace Corps when a flurry of telephone calls began to clog the lines between the White House and a somewhat nondescript fifteenth-floor office in midtown Manhattan. On an outsize bulletin board that blankets an entire wall, a placard bearing the words "Peace Corps" was pinned up. Soon a flood of letters, bulletins, and memos on the new program was on its way from Washington to New York, where, meanwhile, groups of men—none of them having any official connection with the Corps—were beginning to gather in earnest deliberation. As the Peace Corps idea, fanned by the evident enthusiasm of the President and R. Sargent Shriver, caught fire and spread swiftly across the country, those in the Manhattan outpost were rolling up their sleeves to do a job that was apparently destined to be as significant as it was unprecedented.

Thus began the most recent project of the Advertising Council, the ad industry's voluntary public-service wing, which last year parlayed a modest $1.3 million operating budget into an astounding $226.7 million worth of time and space in the various communications media. This enviably Midas-like touch was employed in support of some eighty nationwide causes and charities, ranging from Brotherhood Week, Law Day, and National Allergy Month to the Heart Fund Campaign, the Better Hearing Program, and a twenty-fifth-anniversary salute to Alcoholics Anonymous.

The formula behind such impressive financial alchemy hinges on the Advertising Council's proven ability to enlist Madison Avenue's top creative talent free of charge, to gain and hold the support of advertising media across the nation, and to persuade U.S. business firms to give solid backing. (In 1960, for example, some 400 companies contributed amounts ranging from $25 to $15,000; contributions are tax-deductible since the Bureau of Internal Revenue classifies the Council as an adult education institution.) The only expenses involved in a campaign are for materials, which are supplied at no cost to the media asked to help. These include art work, newspaper mats, television films, and the like. Expenses for an average campaign run in the neighborhood of $50,000—comparatively small peanuts, the Council points out, since the client organization gets an estimated $100 worth of well-oiled advertising machinery for every dollar it invests in basic nuts and bolts.

Although the Council's campaigns are ordinarily planned well in advance, it is ready to play the role of an emergency Paul Revere if the need for fast action arises. It was such a need that moved the Council into high gear with its Peace Corps campaign. The problem, created by the swift development of the Corps, was to alert applicants to the written examinations on May 27 and June 5. With only a minimum period available, the Council decided to concentrate its artillery on radio alone, rather than prepare materials for newspapers and TV. The Young & Rubicam agency—one of some sixty that have contributed their services over the years—began writing public service announcements. Radio networks and stations, notified by telegrams and packets of material, volunteered to make air time available. Within a few days, Peace Corps announcements were penetrating virtually every city, town, and hamlet in the nation.

HEADING this versatile communications instrument is Theodore S. Repplier, a veteran advertising man who joined the Advertising Council (then called the War Advertising Council) in 1943. A former copywriter, Repplier is recognized today as one of the few nongovernmental experts on propaganda. He has studied at firsthand the problems of U.S. overseas information in Europe and Asia, and his services are in steady demand in Washington. Earlier this year he received the U.S. Information Agency's highest honor, its Distinguished Service Award.

An energetic and articulate spokesman for the Advertising Council's underlying philosophy, Repplier says his organization is in effect the "public relations arm of the United States." In a recent memo to the Council's board of directors he wrote:

> . . . In this public relations Garden of Eden called the USA, the largest and most important entity—the U.S. Government—has no public relations department at all. . . .
>
> There are Washington officials hired to collect figures about every known occupation, to worry about the oil and minerals under the ground, the rain in the sky, the wildlife in the woods, and the fish in the streams—but it is nobody's job to worry about America's state of mind, or whether Americans misread a situation in a way that could be tragic.
>
> This is a dangerous vacuum. But it is also a vacuum which explains to a considerable degree the important position the Advertising Council holds in American life today. . . .

Furthermore, Repplier argues, the importance of the Council's job is growing as a result of the increasing strength of the Communist world. "In Russia," he said recently, "the government can order *Pravda* and *Izvestia* to print anything it wants to say. But because we're a voluntary society, we don't ordinarily have the means for *getting people to act in concert*. The news machinery, by its very nature, doesn't repeat itself. Only advertising is equipped to repeat a message until it sinks in."

Among the Advertising Council's nationwide messages that have apparently sunk in:

►The fifteen-year-old Stop Accidents campaign, which the National Safety Council credits with having helped save a total of some 160,000 lives.

►The classic Smokey the Bear campaign, which the U.S. Forest Service says has helped save $10,000,000,000 in timber and natural resources.

►The polio and Asian flu emergency campaigns, which persuaded hundreds of thousands of people to get shots.

►The Higher Education campaign, which the Council for Financial Aid to Education credits with creating a noticeable improvement in the climate for fund-raising and in public understanding of higher education's importance.

The Advertising Council, organized in 1942 to help promote war bonds, conservation, salvage, rationing, and other wartime campaigns, has developed a policy of independence from government, although it maintains close liaison with Washington and is

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always willing to listen to the government's suggestions. It will accept no subsidy from Washington, nor does it undertake regional, sectarian, or special interest drives. In politics, it remains nonpartisan.

When a campaign is suggested—usually by a public service organization or government agency—the request goes to the Council's board of directors, whose members represent all branches of advertising as well as the Association of National Advertisers, the American Association of Advertising Agencies, the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the Magazine Publishers Association, the National Association of Broadcasters, and the Outdoor Advertising Association of America. If the campaign is covered by an Act of Congress (e.g., U.S. Savings Bonds, the hardiest of the Council's perennials) no further approval is needed. If not, it may be passed on to the Public Policy Committee, a twenty-man body representing management, labor, medicine, education, major religious denominations, and other segments of the nation. Once a campaign is accepted, a volunteer advertising manager, an agency, and other personnel are assigned to it. Some fifteen agencies are now working on various Council projects, and another dozen or so are on the waiting list.

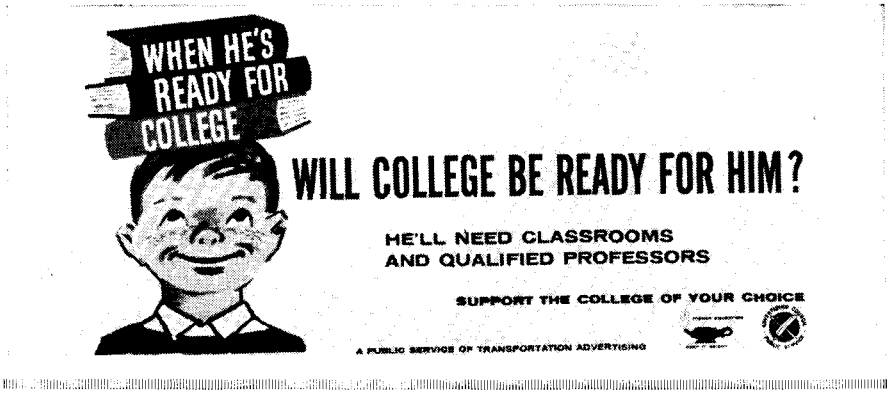
EXPLAINING the willingness of ad agencies to participate in Council campaigns, a senior officer of the J. Walter Thompson Company said recently: "There are two great advantages. First, it's an important contribution from the standpoint of good. Second, it's a contribution to advertising itself; it demonstrates clearly the worth-while social impact of advertising." Another by no means incidental advantage is the prestige gained by an agency that donates expensive time and talent.

While the Advertising Council has mounted some undeniably impressive individual campaigns, it is this solid foundation of support—both from ad agencies and from the U.S. business community—that stands as its most remarkable achievement. "American business today has far more sheer altruism than is commonly believed," Repplier says. "There is little disagreement among corporate executives that it's good business as well as good ethics for a company to be a good citizen." And, although an occasional startling exception to this observation crops up in the news, Repplier and the Advertising Council plan to go on trying to turn good corporate citizenship into substantial national benefits wherever they can.

Campaigns That Clicked

America's most important desk job
BETTER SCHOOLS
BUILD BETTER COMMUNITIES
For FREE booklet, "How Can Citizens Help Their Schools?" write Better Schools, 2 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

"Your Grandchildren Will Grow Up Under Communism"
says NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV
Will they? "Never," you say. But are you sure?
What are you doing to oppose Communism?
One sure way is to help...
RADIO FREE EUROPE
The American People's Counter-Voice to Communism
Send Your Contributions to
RADIO FREE EUROPE FUND
P. O. BOX 1961, MT. VERNON, N. Y.


WHEN HE'S READY FOR COLLEGE
WILL COLLEGE BE READY FOR HIM?
HE'LL NEED CLASSROOMS
AND QUALIFIED PROFESSORS
SUPPORT THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE
A PUBLIC SERVICE OF TRANSPORTATION ADVERTISING

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FIELD PHOTOJOURNALISM'S FIRST

By MARGARET R. WEISS

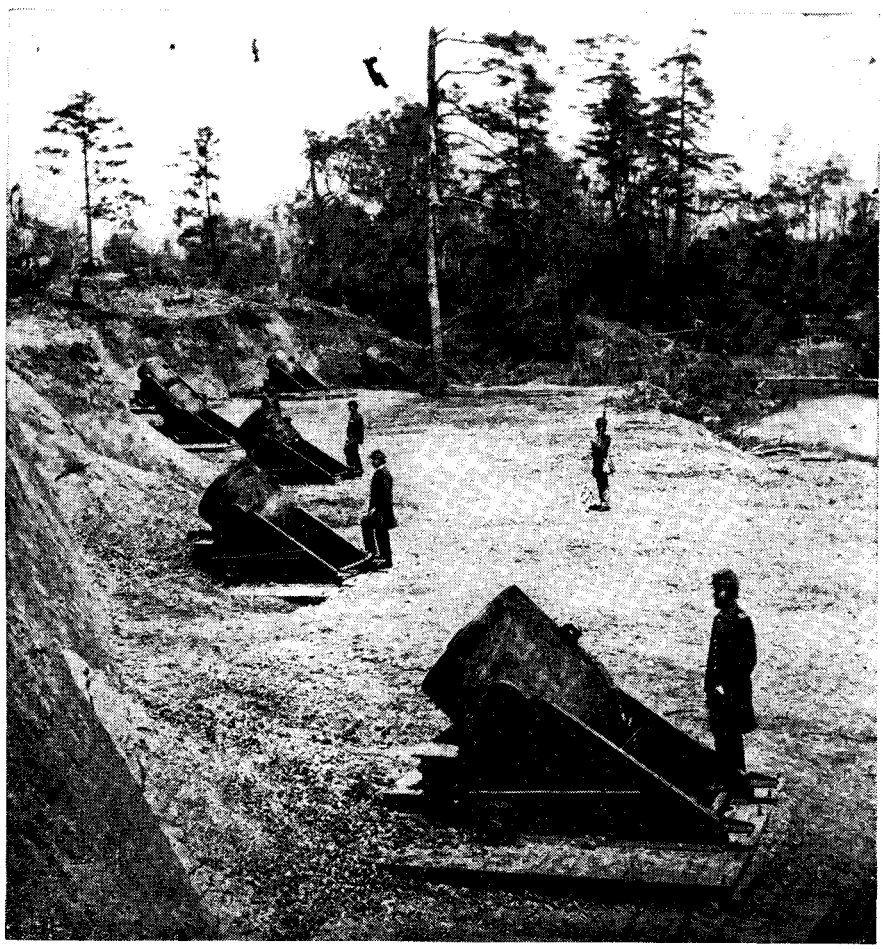
MATHEW B. BRADY was not the first to carry a camera to the scene of battle. An unknown daguerreotypist made several campaign pictures during the Mexican War; the cameras of a man identified only as "Mr. Simpson" and the much more famous Roger Fenton saw action at the Crimean front.

But to Brady goes the distinction of a more important "first." He pioneered the full-scale photojournalistic reporting of war, setting the ground rules for photography in the field from his day on. And, indirectly, he was responsible for another innovation. Because his initial battle coverage so clearly demonstrated the effectiveness of the camera, the War Department under Secretary Stanton created an army photographic staff for recording maps, terrain, and enemy installations —forerunner of the reconnaissance and combat photography units of World Wars I and II.

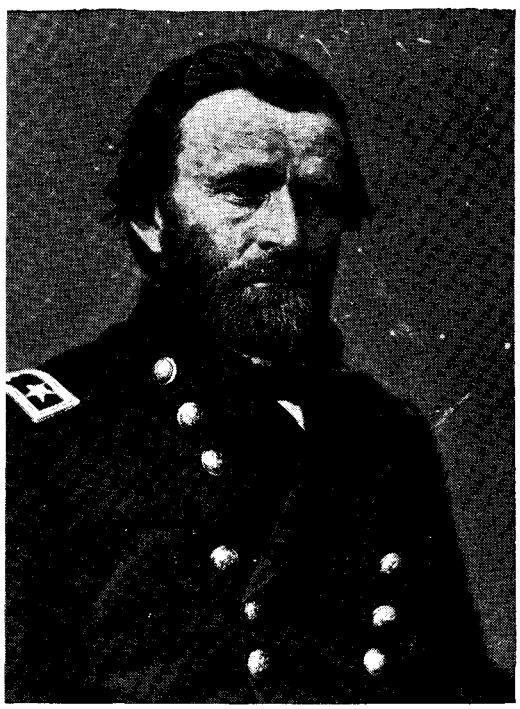
Armed only with a slip of paper on which Lincoln had scrawled "Pass Brady"—without any government subsidy whatever—he began the project that was to culminate in a complete pictorial record of the Civil War. From the opening gunfire at Bull Run to the final silence at Appomattox, the outlines of Brady's canvas-covered "What's-it wagon" could be seen against the backdrop of battle smoke. Often caught between two armies, usually part of the advance guard, through forest and swampland, the lumbering vehicle that served as darkroom, supply station, and sleeping quarters carried the man in the straw hat and linen duster to the fields of Antietam, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Petersburg. Before the close of the war, Brady estimated he had spent a personal fortune of $100,000—besides the unlimited credit extended by the Anthony Company, predecessor of Ansco—to keep twenty-two What's-it wagons manned, rigged, and rolling.

OPERATING "like a large newspaper in every theater of war," he was an organizer and administrator as well as a photojournalist. On his staff were photographers—Tim O'Sullivan, J. F. Coonley, Alexander Gardner, T. C. Roche, and George Barnard among them—who functioned in teams with an assistant, driver, and printer. Brady did not take all the war photos credited to him. But he was the enterprise's prime mover—a one-man picture service providing newspapers and periodicals with black-and-white proof of the tides of war and its terrors.

The fine quality of those pictures, their excellent definition and detail, belie the limitations of Brady's primi-



(Right) The battery that never fired a shot—McClellan's 20,000-lb. mortars near Yorktown in aborted peninsular campaign, 1862. (Below) A man wearing the mask of war—loneliness, fatigue, pressure of heavy responsibilities—Grant on arrival in Washington, March, 1864, to receive third star and command of the armies of the U.S. (Plate found in Owego, N.Y., barn, 1947.)



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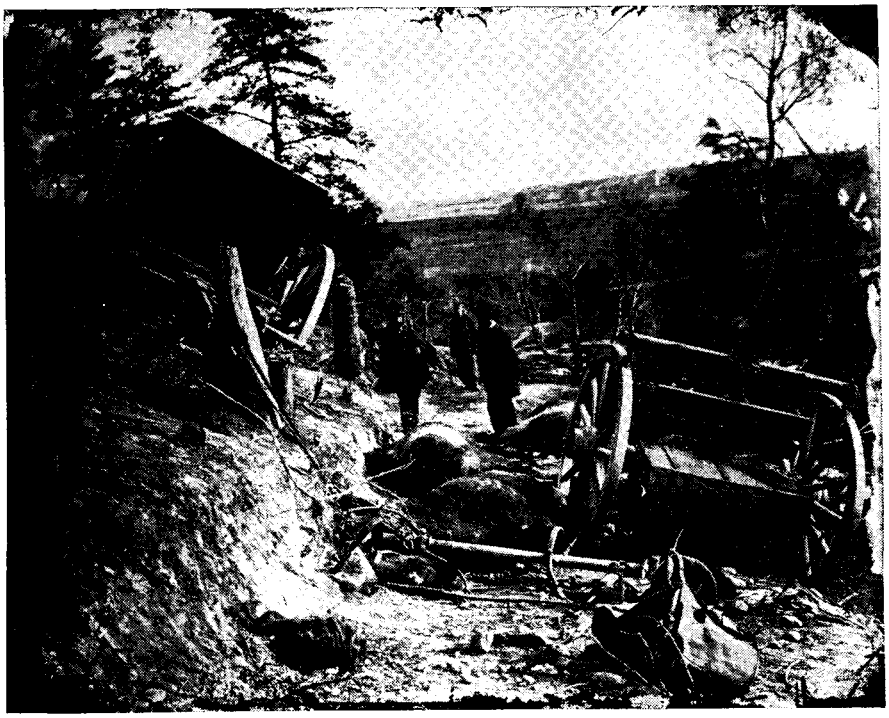
tive equipment and perilous working conditions. Photography was still extremely complicated and cumbersome; "wet collodion" processing demanded both quickness of hand and fast footwork. Each large glass plate had to be freshly coated with emulsion, immersed in silver nitrate solution, rushed from the darkroom wagon, inserted in the camera, exposed for ten to forty seconds, and rushed back to the wagon for developing—all in a matter of minutes before the emulsion dried.

The hazards were many—and they were not all shellfire and sharpshooters. Heat, dust, smoke, wind, rain, even the photographer's breath could ruin the plate. Yet a century later the clarity of Brady's wet plates and the superlative prints derived from them amaze technical experts. (For the next four years, the public will have a chance to see about a hundred of these prints in the Ansco Centennial Exhibit that is touring the country.)

Robert Penn Warren appraises the Civil War as "an image of the powerful, painful, grinding process by which an ideal emerges out of history . . . ; a gallery of great human images. . . ." Certainly no man has done more to preserve those Centennial images than Mathew Brady.



Chaotic aftermath of a single direct hit by a Federal siege gun on Marye's Heights, May, 1863. Man at left is General Herman Haupt, chief of the Bureau of Military Railroads and engineering genius behind operations of Union armies in the East.

Photos from the collections of Ansco, Library of Congress, and National Archives. All photos are completely unretouched.

Confederate defenses in front of Atlanta, 1864. (Picture made by George Barnard, one of Brady's team of field photographers.)

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Rating the American Newspaper—Part II

By JOHN TEBBEL

NEWSPAPERS are traditionally more sensitive to criticism than other media, although advertising has currently become the whipping boy and taken over the job of public goat which the press once held when "yellow" was the word that invariably went with "journalism." The old days are neither gone nor forgotten by publishers, however. Their resentment of criticism, like that of advertising men, is based on fear of government restriction of abuses that are unacknowledged, even denied. The publishing clan has the Senatorial aspect of a private club, in which the members by unwritten rule are not supposed to speak ill of each other in public.

Criticism of the press has therefore been confined largely to disenchanted former practitioners, like Oswald Garrison Villard or Carl Lindstrom, and to historians of various persuasions. There is almost no criticism in the trade press, and an even smaller amount in the editorial columns of newspapers. Sometimes it seems that the press consumes an inordinate amount of space—in promotion ads, speeches by publishers, and editorials in praise of itself—to convey the idea that it is generally beyond reproach. The venom with which it attacks critics raises the suspicion, however, that it knows it is whistling in a graveyard.

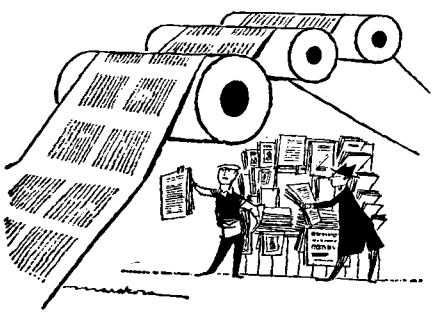
The criticism contained in the replies to *SR*'s questionnaire comes largely from former and present newspapermen who teach on the faculties of schools and departments of journalism, and therefore it may be more readily accepted by publishers, particularly in the new climate that exists between them and the schools. For a great change has occurred in this relationship during the past thirty years. Where once an old-fashioned skepticism existed about the ability of journalism schools to train men and women for the newspaper business, only a few diehards bother to deny any longer that graduates from these schools are not only the core of the staffs of many newspapers, but include among them a long list of distinguished names in the newspaper business.

As reported in *SR* (April 8, 1961), the American Newspaper Publishers Association is belatedly aware of the contribution schools and departments of journalism have been making, now that the supply of recruits has been slowly drying up for the past ten years. The ANPA is making an organized effort to do something about it.

Unfortunately, the schools themselves are changing, gathering unto themselves under the big umbrella of "communications" the related and sometimes more glamourous arts, until the professional study of journalism is often relegated to a minor role in the curriculum. Some newspaper and press association executives have expressed concern that the schools may be too preoccupied with the work of social scientists studying the various media to bother with recruiting and training the young men and women newspapers increasingly need to do their increasingly complex work. This endeavor appears to be failing particularly on the graduate level, where it is needed most, since journalism educators are coming to agree that three or four years of broad undergraduate training should precede professional work.

AGAINST this background must be reviewed the critical replies to *SR*'s questionnaire. They come from teachers who find themselves, for the most part, in a complicated professional environment, and who must necessarily view newspapers as only part of it. Like all teachers, they are buried in paper work and many of them could not find time to answer the questionnaire. Some, who deal constantly in surveys of their own, were critical of the nature of this one, as well as its methods. But the respondents who did answer offered an informed view of what they consider to be wrong with the press in general, and with some specific newspapers. It must be recorded that criticism was a minority viewpoint in their total answers. In general, their view is that the press is doing a good job, as was pointed out in last month's report.

What they would like to see deleted, or at least reduced, in newspapers, was somewhat surprising. Sports, at 15 per cent, led all the rest, followed by comics (9 per cent), crime and violence (9 per cent), gossip columns (8 per cent), columns and columnists (8 per cent), and entertainment features (8 per cent). Considering the high readership of both comics and sports among the general populace, it can only be deduced that the educators think these features detract from the informational function of newspapers, as distinguished from the entertainment function, a transition that has been taking place in a large part of the press for some time.



On the controversy over one-newspaper towns, the survey's respondents believe that papers without competition lose initiative, grow complacent, become narrow, and neglect local issues, although there was a minority opinion that lack of competition results in an extra effort to be fair and objective.

When they were asked what they liked least about specific newspapers, the criticism ranged from the purely professional to the kind that could be expected from any other group. Even here the New York *Times* emerged with its honors intact, since most of the fifty teachers who indicated what they liked least in the paper were nevertheless favorably impressed with it on the whole.

Most widely criticized was the physical appearance of the *Times*. About half of the respondents thought that the typography—"the foreboding gray dress," as one put it—was both old-fashioned and hard to read. Excessive size was mentioned by about one in five, most of whom felt that reducing the volume of advertising would help solve this problem. Two men complained about the number of typographical errors; they were undoubtedly readers of an early mail edition.

Grouping criticism of the *Times* into general categories, the survey discloses that approximately one in five has an objection in each of the following areas: the editorials; the emphasis and space devoted to the various kinds of news, and the style and approach of the paper. The editorial page was scored for lack of vitality, with most of its critics finding it boring, dull, unpersuasive, or lacking in punch. Several made the same charge against the rest of the paper. As for emphasis and space, the concentration on international news to the exclusion of local

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stories was frequently mentioned. Others believed that the *Times* was not selective enough, that it included too many items and too much detail. The writing was characterized by some as "verbose," "dull," and "stuffy," and was felt to reflect, along with the format, an old-fashioned image. Only one person thought the paper's editorial opinion was carried over into its news stories.

Complaints against the *Wall Street Journal* were of a somewhat different nature. Almost half of the nineteen answering this question disliked the editorial policy of the *Journal*, terming it biased or too conservative. Two of these men said they didn't like the editorial style either. Next most frequent objection concerned the paper's limited scope, mentioned by about two in ten. There was no agreement on what ought to be added. Among the suggestions: weekend business service, more science, more economics and less business, and more nonfinancial news. Two men objected to the typography, and two thought there should be pictures.

Typical of the differences among the teachers surveyed was their opinion of the *Journal's* editorial page. Of the twenty respondents commenting, nine reacted favorably to it, five didn't like it, and six had mixed feelings.

Comparing the favorable opinions expressed about other newspapers, as reported last month, with the criticism, there were many flat contradictions in the answers provided by those who recorded what they liked least. Those, for example, who had thought the Milwaukee *Journal* was notable for its thorough and impartial local coverage, its responsibility and serious approach to the news, were counterbalanced by those (a minority) who found its news columns supporting editorial positions, its local news trivial, and its general tone provincial and dull.

Again, those who had seen a move toward fair and impartial coverage in the post-McCormick Chicago *Tribune* were contradicted by others who spoke of its "dishonesty" and "slanted news." Indeed, "slanted" was a word frequently applied, not only to the news but to the editorials, and even the sports page. One reader commented on the *Tribune*'s "constant play upon prejudices and stereotypes." Another termed it "provincial, Midwest, conservative. . . ."

The *Christian Science Monitor*, which had been widely admired by the majority, was taken to task for its "lack of news" and "insufficient material in general," as well as a "Boston orientation even in Midwest edition." One reader summarized the *Monitor:* "It is more an international magazine of comment than a *news* paper. One learns what the *Monitor* thinks of a situation—which is good. Putting it another way, there's too much emphasis on why, and not enough on what."

Readers of the Kansas City *Star* were inclined to complain about its typography, an old story in criticism of the *Star*, which cherishes a format, particularly in its headlines, more characteristic of the nineteenth century than our own. One man thought the typography was "so backward as to obscure the paper's qualities," while another declared: "Its dull appearance is beginning to affect its news style. Headlines are misleading and tend to disgust the reader. Editorials are too long, dull, and uninteresting." A single reader saw a ray in the gloom: "While the paper has dressed up its looks in recent years," he noted, "much remains to be done. More pictures needed—better headline style, especially for page one. But it is going in right direction."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* was also criticized for its "antiquated makeup," and one respondent observed that "its general typographical makeup somehow doesn't suggest the important newspaper that it is." While others praise the *Post-Dispatch* for its traditional crusading spirit, one reader mentioned its "recent hair-trigger predilection to 'crusade' even where grounds for such are thin."

On the West Coast, where the San Francisco *Chronicle* has been engaged in a ding-dong circulation war with Hearst's *Examiner*, some respondents apparently think that the *Examiner* is doing to the *Chronicle* what Mr. Hearst's New York *Journal* did to Joseph Pulitzer's *World* when Hearst brought his three-ring *Examiner* circus to New York in 1895. One reader wrote of the *Chronicle:* "Excessive sensationalism and human interest to gain circulation—at expense of general news space.'" Another: "Abysmal news judgment, with tremendous display for seamy trivia." Still another: "Sensationalizing what was a first-rate Western newspaper." And a summary, coming right out with it: "Its inability to find any formula for success [during the

Some Principal Findings of the Survey

Of the 119 daily newspapers listed in the questionnaire, 26 were checked by at least half the respondents as newspapers with which they felt personally familiar. The following six were checked by over eight respondents in ten:

	%		%
New York Times	94	Chicago Tribune	84
Wall Street Journal	89	St. Louis Post-Dispatch	82
Christian Science Monitor	86	New York Herald Tribune	81

Only four of the 119 newspapers had been read in the preceding four weeks by half of the respondents or more. Widest readership was obtained by:

	%		%
New York Times	86	Christian Science Monitor	57
Wall Street Journal	66	Chicago Tribune	51

Four additional papers (St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, New York *Herald Tribune*, Milwaukee *Journal*, and Washington *Post*) were read by 42 to 46 per cent. Only 21 of the 119 papers had been read by as many as 20 per cent of the respondents in the preceding four weeks, suggesting the highly regional quality of the American press.

When respondents selected the five best combinations of morning and evening newspapers published by the same organization, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times* just barely edged out the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* (68 per cent to 66 per cent) for first place, with the Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune* (63 per cent) close behind. After these combination leaders, the vote fell to 42 per cent for the Baltimore *Sun* papers.

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past decade] besides out-Hearsting Hearst."

Even the Des Moines *Register,* long a bulwark of Midwestern respectability, did not escape the charge of watering down the news in favor of entertainment. This was summarized by one reader: "A determinedly lightweight approach to material which it damn well knows is important." Another complained of its "biased sports coverage, incomplete security markets, mild tendency to sensationalize, inaccuracies."

Nearly always named in any list of "best" newspapers, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* was nevertheless excoriated by a few respondents, one of whom said: "Political cartoons are in very poor taste: bitter, distorted, and ineffective. Righteous smugness of editorials. The *C-J* can do no wrong." Another spoke of "too much dependence upon press services rather than own staff for news of national and international importance," while still another noted an "occasional poor selectivity of news." There was a touch of wistfulness in one complaint: "Principal difficulty, as with other 'best' papers—out of my area, late arrival, no local appeal."

MOST admired next to the New York *Times,* the Washington *Post* drew some minority fire, directed against a variety of sins. "Large amount of space given to society and women's interests," said one complaint. Others mentioned front-page display, "occasional taint of the doctrinaire," a "sketchiness of news outside of national, governmental, and local areas."

Running through much of the criticism of American newspapers was an undercurrent of feeling that even the good papers were not as good as they used to be. The essence of this criticism, as noted previously, was the feeling that advertising and entertainment features were slowly cutting down and crowding out the news columns, affecting particularly a paper's national and international coverage. There was, it appeared to many, a tendency on the part of newspapers to be local and trivial in their news presentation.

In this respect, at least one of the letters to the publisher of *SR,* prompted by the survey, criticized the critics. The writer, a nationally known professor in one of the largest journalism schools, remarked: "Previous surveys along this line . . . have had much less to do with the current records and performance of daily newspapers than with the image given of them by our historians. Your questions get at the number of issues of a particular newspaper each respondent has read in recent weeks and therefore you will be able to separate general historical knowledge of a particular newspaper from contemporary observation of its performance. Even so, when you ask a group of professional men to confess the extent of their ignorance, rather than the degree of their learning, you are certain to tempt them at their weakest point."

The same writer was convinced that if the newspapers in his own town were "properly evaluated against those of their class they would rank very high in achievement. I am equally certain that they will not achieve such ranking, on any test derived from knowledge, until systematic work replaces the rumor, myth, and gossip now peddled as history and contemporary criticism. I think one real need of the country is for a better understanding of its great newspapers and of the values of the men who direct them."

Another professor, once a publisher, declared that he could not answer the questionnaire fully and fairly, and he quoted a speech made recently to his students by Bernard Kilgore, publisher of the *Wall Street Journal,* who said he believed the "ten best" could not be named, and believed both harm and injustice could result from the practice, adding: "All good newspapers are not big newspapers. Smaller ones often do as good or better a job in their field than do many larger ones. There should be a way that outstanding smaller newspapers may win national recognition." The professor agreed: "Your study can't do this as too few who respond will be familiar with many smaller ones to the extent you wish, nor are many of these papers included" (see LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR on the next page).

One professor depicted the teacher's unhappy plight this way: "You assume that I read more than ten newspapers regularly and in some detail. We also are expected to read many magazines, listen to radio-TV, read a great many books, teach full time, sponsor a student publication, serve on some university committees, attend to the social affairs required of faculty members. I don't regularly read ten newspapers, and I don't think most journalism teachers do. Those who say they do are telling whoppers to make themselves look good, in many cases. I don't think you will obtain honest answers. . . . Your questionnaire seems to assume that journalism teachers are interested only in training for newspaper work. Only about 15 per cent of our graduates now go into newspaper work from this school, mainly because salary offers are much higher in advertising, public relations, magazine work, and in other related areas."

The dean of one of the best-known schools of journalism, in declining to participate in the survey, commented on the nature of American dailies: "Our daily newspapers, with a few exceptions, are essentially *local* in nature. It seems to me that daily newspapers in most cases are 'good' or 'poor' in terms of the services they render in their local settings. Using this frame of reference, a small newspaper in a small town may be just as 'good' as a much larger metropolitan daily."

ANOTHER dean, questioning the structure of the questionnaire although participating in it, predicted that the answers would show that "journalism professors don't regularly read very many newspapers at all. This may seem odd but it's perfectly understandable. We receive in our reading room here approximately 150 newspapers regularly—about 20 in-state dailies, 30 out-of-state and foreign dailies, and 100 weeklies and semiweeklies. The second group includes most of the country's leading newspapers. I would like nothing better than to spend two, three, or more hours a day poring over them; likewise my colleagues. *But we don't have the time!*"

A West Coast professor expressed his sympathy: "Sorry, but I am behind in my teaching duties and shall be unable to answer your questionnaire on newspapers. Best of luck to you—I am in the process of analyzing returns from a survey of my own, in regard to which about 45 per cent of the newspaper editors didn't even extend the courtesy of acknowledging a personal letter."

As a final fillip to the correspondence, a distinguished professor, noted among many other things for his forthrightness, wrote in a strong, bold hand across the bottom of a prompting letter: "This questionnaire is absolute nonsense."

Nonsense or not, it has been provocative and revealing in many respects and has provided enough controversy to generate some much-needed discussion about newspapers, and about journalism teaching. That there is room for improvement in both areas, most practitioners of each profession would agree; and while there may be substantial disagreement as to what is wrong and what should be done, it is certain that nothing at all will be changed until publishers and teachers again begin talking frankly about their problems. The *SR* survey is intended to be a step in that direction.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

ALL CREDIT TO the American Newspaper Publishers Association for its excellent support of the "Newspaper in the Classroom" project but credit, too, to the man who had the idea in the first place and who is not even mentioned by John Tebbel in "New Look in Newspaper PR" [*SR*, Apr. 8]. That man is C. K Jefferson of Des Moines, Iowa, and it was he, and not the ANPA, "who devised the bold new program."

Mr. Jefferson, circulation manager of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* until his retirement May 1, carried on a one-man campaign for the idea for years, buttonholing any likely teacher or newspaper person who might help or only listen. By 1959, when with his blessing the ANPA wrote the project into its budget, this newspaper-school program was lustily viable. It had already involved, under Mr. Jefferson's direction: (a) a national survey of junior and senior high schools to determine how much and in what ways newspapers were being used in the classroom; (b) a national newspaper poll to find out what newspapers were offering in school programs; (c) the formation of a national committee of educators and newspaper people; and (d) summer workshops supported by newspapers and attended by selected teachers.

Officially the Youth Reading Study Project, as it was called then, began in 1955 with the appointment of a special International Circulation Managers Association committee headed by Mr. Jefferson.

From the beginning, financing was done by the industry, for some time principally the ICMA and a few interested publishers, and planning by the educators, principally the National Education Association and its National Council for the Social Studies. From the beginning, also, Mr. Jefferson expressed the hope that one day the project would be a major concern of the entire newspaper industry. That day, happily, appears to have arrived. One can wish few things better than that the leadership in the future be as dedicated as it has been in the past.

DOROTHY W. MOELLER.
Iowa City, Ia.

DR. MOTT'S RECAP OF RATINGS

SINCE THE *SR* newspaper-ranking project is the third of its kind in the past year or so, perhaps it is time for a little survey of the surveys, or ranking of the rankers. Of the three, I am quick to declare my preference for yours, as reported by Mr. Tebbel. I like it best partly because of its particularity attained through a searching questionnaire, and also (I have to confess) because the judges were colleagues of mine in the field of education for journalism.

I shall not take your space to compare the criteria apparently relied upon in the three rankings at any length. Those for your list have been fully explained in your pages. Those used in the ranking compiled by Edward L. Bernays, well-known public relations counselor, were drawn from statements of journalistic ideals by Joseph Pulitzer, Adolph S. Ochs, and Thomas Gibson. The Scholastic Magazines list was required to be based upon "superior . . . news coverage, integrity, and public service."

The *SR* judges were college and university journalism teachers, those for the Bernays list were newspaper publishers, and those for the Scholastic roll of honor were newspaper editors.

The following table compares the rankings of the top fifteen in the three lists:

	SR	Bernays	Scholastic
New York Times	1	1	1
Christian Science Monitor	2	3	2
Wall Street Journal	3	26	7
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	4	2	4
Milwaukee Journal	5	6	3
Washington Post	6	4	5
New York Herald Tribune	7	10	–
Louisville Courier-Journal	8	5	6
Chicago Tribune	9	11	9
Chicago Daily News	10	8	14
Baltimore Sun	11	12	12
Atlanta Constitution	12	13	8
Minneapolis Tribune	13	25	–
Kansas City Star	14	7	11
Los Angeles Times	15	9	15
Detroit Free Press	–	14	–
Miami Herald	–	15	13
Des Moines Register	–	–	10

Obviously, the greatest discrepancy is in the low rating given the *Wall Street Journal* by the publishers. Possibly, the great advancement in the prestige of that paper in the year since the Bernays survey was made accounts in part for this big difference in rankings, but I believe the Scholastic ranking antedated those of Bernays by a month or two.

FRANK LUTHER MOTT,
School of Journalism,
University of Missouri.
Columbia, Mo.

WHAT ABOUT GOOD *SMALL* PAPERS?

BEFORE GETTING TO the meat of the matter, let me congratulate your Communications Editor, Richard Tobin, for doing such a fine job. I enjoy the new section very much.

The survey *SR* currently is reporting on, "Rating the American Newspaper—Part I" [*SR*, May 13], however, struck a discordant note right from the start by limiting the survey to newspapers with circulations of 100,000 or more. I don't believe circulation figures are, in themselves, a good base on which to judge. As your survey points out, the New York *Daily News*, which "has the largest circulation of any American newspaper," failed to get a single mention as "best."

One other point: Being involved in the realm of newspaperdom, I would feel that newspaper publishers and editors are perhaps better judges of newspapers than are "all deans, full professors, and associate professors in the forty-six schools accredited by the American Council on Education for Journalism."

CLIFFORD HOLM,
Associate Editor,
Publishers' Auxiliary.
Chicago, Ill.

THE CHARM CURTAIN

IT IS APPARENT that Robert Manning, in the article "The Geometry of Informed Circles" [*SR*, May 13], has been captured by the charm of the British Foreign Office Spokesman. As one who watched the FO press officer in action daily during the Berlin Four Ministers Conference, the Geneva Asiatic Conference, and the Geneva Summit Conference, I agree with him about the urbane and witty occupants of the office. All of them would be delightful company during a rainy weekend in the country.

Mr. Manning, however, misses the point and purpose of the Foreign Office Spokesman and the other British press officers. The goal of these gentlemen is to prevent the foreign correspondents from seeing and talking with responsible cabinet ministers. This is not my opinion but the consensus of the American foreign correspondents stationed in London from 1952 to 1954 when I did the field work for my book, "The Foreign Correspondents," and reiterated by the current crop of correspondents in London this past winter.

It would be fine to substitute a Bohlen for a White if there were assurance that this change would not be looked upon by the White House and the cabinet secretaries as the answer to the annoyance of talking with correspondents. It still is possible for Washington correspondents to break through the PRO fronts and get the word from the department head. How many times did Mr. Manning succeed in penetrating the British Charm Curtain?

Mr. Manning is on target, however, in his description of the official neglect by previous administrations of the foreign correspondents in our midst. The Kennedy Administration is to be congratulated for adopting the measures mentioned by

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Mr. Manning. I disagree, however, with his concept of the elite inherent in his statement "one or two top-level foreign correspondents properly informed can be worth several million dollars' worth of USIA propaganda." The elite correspondents in Washington representing the British and French press get along on their own very well. The Salinger lunches may help somewhat. But the real problem is centered in New York, where the correspondents for the press of the emerging and neutral nations are stationed, primarily to cover the United Nations. They have no funds to travel to Washington, to frequent the haunts where contacts are made, or in fact to afford the bus fare west of the Hudson. These are the men and women who can do for us what the USIA has difficulty in doing—portraying the United States in all its phases. A relatively small expenditure would enable the USIA to reach these people.

T. E. KRUGLAK, President,
American Colleges Abroad, Inc.

New Canaan, Conn.

To a Library

Continued from page 49

person requests from 1,000,000 people, not counting 1,000,000 additional inquiries handled by phone or mail. The happiest statistic, however, is the fact that the New York Public Library is open every day in the year. Even Sundays and holidays you can use it from 1 to 10 p.m. Since it provides a fabulous service in photostats, microfilm, and other duplicating methods, no writer, editor, or other communicator in its area has an excuse for not checking his facts and sustaining them with fresh, almost unlimited reference material. The late Mayor LaGuardia suggested that the two famous lions flanking the steps on Fifth Avenue be named "Patience" and "Fortitude," and it isn't a bad idea considering the unfailingly cheerful courtesy of the young pages who stagger beneath continuous stacks of reference material, moving antlike near the lighted number boards.

This library differs from other free U.S. libraries only in scope and volume. Words are incapable of spelling out the debt communicators in particular owe the institution we lucky few know as the free library. It exists in prodigious quantity only in the United States, and those so benighted as to take the free library for granted (or avoid it as often as Americans seem to) deserve no such unmatched gifts as liberty and democracy. Nothing can replace the free library, and no earthly power can equal its power to recreate the wondrous symbols embodied in the Macmonnies statues on either side of the main entrance of the New York Public Library, Beauty and Truth.

—R.L.T.

The U.S. and the Revolutionary Spirit

Continued from page 19

revolution against economic feudalism. These three revolutions are coming very fast. To date they are mostly sponsored by Communists. The Communists have in fact created the impression that the ideas behind these revolutions are Communist in origin. That is wholly false, for the only contribution to revolutionary thought contributed by the Communists is dialectical materialism, whereby a minority doubles or trebles its power by reason of its unity and the vigor and fervor of its advocacy. The ideas behind these three revolutions are not Russian or Chinese. They are in part products of the Judeo-Christian civilization. Some are reflected in the Koran. Some stem from the richness of the Hindu and Buddhist philosophies. Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, John Locke, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison – these are some of the main sources of the democratic philosophy. Today Abraham Lincoln is a more powerful symbol of the equality of man than ever before. The Declaration of Independence is still a force that lifts the hearts of men the world over. These ideas of independence, "consent of the governed," equality, freedom, and justice are products of non-Communist societies. We indeed have first claim to them. Yet the monopoly over them which the Communists claim makes Khrushchev believe that Communism is the wave of the future. It need not be. It will not be, if we give these three revolutions our vigorous sponsorship.

There is a fourth revolution that we must sponsor if we hope to prevent the underdeveloped nations from spinning toward Communism. The fourth one is a revolution against corruption.

This problem starts at home—with American business and with our own government. Corruption has been the way of life in many Asian, African, and South American countries. A man takes office with the hope of retiring with a fortune. American business, knowing this, often bribes government officials to get its contracts. The recent scandal in Thailand is a conspicuous example.

Officials in foreign nations getting American aid often siphon it off into private accounts. Burma, Costa Rica, India, and Israel are conspicuous exceptions. But the list in the graft column is long. Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang has been notorious. The Kuomintang has not changed its stripes since moving to Formosa. Its members have by one devious device or another moved into their private accounts projects built by the money of the American taxpayers. In July, 1960, we finished a $1,000,000 printing plant in Taipei and put it up for bids. A syndicate of Taiwanese bid for it, only to withdraw the bid under threat from the Kuomintang.

Synghman Rhee demanded his 10 per cent of American aid; and when one American official refused his demands, Rhee got him fired.

Our money has poured into some nations in such quantities that plunder has been the accepted way of doing business with us.

Our Central Intelligence Agency has entered foreign elections with its moneybags. There is no accounting by it; no public audit.

Until and unless we insist on an accounting of all our public funds and require the same high standards that bankers loaning money demand, our foreign aid will be so scandalous that the people who live in these other lands will turn in revulsion to other leaders.

These are the four revolutions the United States should sponsor. Unless we are vigorous in our support of them, the political tides in the world will leave us in lonely isolation and in great danger.

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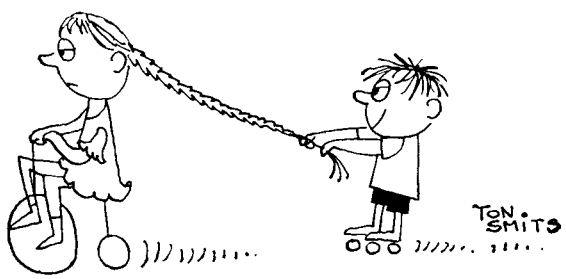

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Contemporary, new, beautifully equipped, 3 bedrooms, overlooking Sound, private beach. Season $2,000 or monthly. Box S-956.

NEAR LAKE CHAMPLAIN—3 bedroom cottage. Swimming, golf. $200 monthly. Brooks Paine, Willsboro, New York.

BLOCK ISLAND—New cottage, on ocean, own beach. 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, electric kitchen, fabulous. $200 week, $1,600 nine-week season, available July 1st-Labor Day. COlumbus 5-2016 NYC, daytime.

MAINE—CABIN on Frenchman's Bay. Relax. Superior view. Convenient housekeeping. Suitable for couple. July $300, September $200. Apply Box T-172.

ROOM WANTED

METROPOLITAN AREA. Cultured young man—Argentina. Permanent. Box T-131.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

GRAND MANAN, *New Brunswick. Nine hundred feet* of beautiful shore frontage. Accessible. Write Box T-130.

CAMPS

WESTERN ADVENTURE TOURS, low cost teen-age trips of the great American West, by rail or motor, some featuring camping or bicycling in National Parks. Brochure, SITA (Students International Travel Association), 50 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC.

BACK LOG CAMP on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, managed by Quakers for three generations, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness in company with civilized and educated persons. June 30th to September 5th. $63 weekly, all-inclusive; reductions for families. Brochure. Mrs. Henry Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

VERMONT FARM CAMP for families and youngsters. Interesting informal program. Reasonable. JUdson 2-7818 NYC.

VACATIONS

BERKSHIRE HILLS COTTAGE COLONY. Excellent food. The Fales, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

DISCOVERED IN 1614 by Captain John Smith, again in the twentieth century by America's ranking marine artists, and now in the past decades by those appreciative of the natural beauty and tranquillity of its cliffs, shore and forests: Monhegan Island, Maine. (The Island Inn.)

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTER—Combining recreation, fellowship and conferences on peace, integration and economic justice. Meet people representing different nations, races, faiths and political convictions. Folder. Conway, New Hampshire.

SEARCHING FOR SEA, sand and stars? Stay at HIGH TOR, Ogunquit, Maine. Folder.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling Berkshire lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and cabins near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Jazz Festival. Outdoor stereo concerts in our Music Grove a specialty. A "haven" for 50 busy business and professional people looking for a place that is really away from it all. Duncan Hines recommended. Chanterwood, Box 51, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

ENVISION FISHING on Spednic Lake, Libby's Camps, Vanceboro, Maine.

CHALET WENDLAND, Jamaica, Vermont (Stratton Mountain). View, rest, swimming. Folder.

VACATIONS

COOL, GREEN SUMMERS. Lakes everywhere. Brochure. *Vacationers information, Miltona, Minnesota.*

ADIRONDACK PANACEA: nestled village, towering mountains, bountiful lakes. Four music festivals. All sports, relaxations. Accommodations for families, singles. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, New York.

SHEER HEAVEN on Berkshire hill. Forest, stream, terraces, fireplaces. Few guests. Ten minutes Tanglewood, jazz, swimming, riding, golf, everything! Box T-170.

SANDY POND LODGE, Hope Valley, Rhode Island. Modern housekeeping cabins. FOrest 4-7403.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine. best in Mexico. Special summer rates. Mazatlan. Sinaloa, Mexico.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

CARIBBEAN CRUISING—Comfortable charter yachts; congenial captains, competent crews, captivating cruising centre, cool climate, conservative costs. Cable or correspond (airmail) V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons, St. Johns, Antiqua, W.I.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Breakfast in bed. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June 18th to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

WILL SHARE hilltop home informally with few special persons of limited budget, appreciative of peace, beauty, old world charm. Mrs. Apolant, Worcester, New York.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, New York. Informal, rustic, beautiful. American Plan—Housekeeping.

MEXICO? A Caribbean island? Of course . . . Cozumel. Questions? Ask about tropical living at . . . The Caribe Islander, Cozumel Island, Mexico.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy your vacation at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events; entertainment. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. For color folder, reservations write A. Gordon Moody, Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

FOUR SEASONS LODGE. Magnificent views overlooking Lake Sunapee. Rooms, motel, good food, AAA. Write The Gallups, Sunapee 5, New Hampshire.

SUMMIT. Sumptuous ski lodge! Special summer rates. Folder. Sherburne, Vermont.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Always cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath $45.50-$56 weekly with abundant food. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

CRESTMONT INN, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Fun for the whole family in the scenic Alleghenies. Modern hotel rooms, cottages. Superb food. Golf, tennis, riding, water sports, shuffleboard. Golf, tennis pros. Directors for tots, teens. Opens June 16th. Folder. W. T. Dickerson, President.

STONEHOUSE INN, North Thetford, Vermont. Delicious food, Low Sodium Diets.

(Continued on page 62)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 61)

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Spring on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports. Water Skiing. Sightseeing, Hi-Fi. Couples, family groups: $86 and up weekly. Write. Phone DEwey 9-5730 NYC.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments. TV. Pool. Public beach. Free Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Delightfully informal lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open late May to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

MEET OUR MORGANS! Explore our trails! West River Lodge, Newfane, Vermont.

SHANGRI-LA, only 2 hours NYC. Get away from it all at Vineyard Lodge, Ulster Park 3, New York. Free brochure.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. VIctor 6-4059.

SUMMER ON FARMS and hotels welcoming children. Also off-beaten-track resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.
BILL AND LORRAINE ZERNICK—what's your address? Phil and Stephanie Barber, Wheatleigh, Lenox.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool. 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

THE IRONDEQUOIT CLUB, Piseco, New York. No style but everything for comfort. Swimming, hiking, tennis. Brochure on request. Phone Lake Pleasant 6350.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine. One of New England's foremost resort hotels. New swimming pool. Beautiful grounds, gardens. Exceptional meals. Open June 25th. Color folder.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. New heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing at The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania. Brochure S. June 23rd-October 16th.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. Belgrade Lakes Region, Inc., Belgrade 7, Maine.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232.

VACATIONS

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

PEACE PIPE LODGE in Central Maine. Scenic, secluded, spacious, restful. Modern lakefront cottages with fireplaces. Safe, comfortable swimming. All sports. Bountiful meals. From $65 per week. Write or phone, Litchfield, Maine. ANdrew 8-4471.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce. Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1961 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

VAILL HOTEL And Country Club, Block Island, Rhode Island. Owner-supervised. Restful accommodations overlooking ocean. Private beach and golf course, superb sport-fishing, etc. Delicious food! Recommended by Duncan Hines. American Plan. Telephone: HOward 6-2351. Folder D.

LIKE THE OCEAN? Your choice, hotel or de luxe motel. Informal, quiet yet near activities. Folder. Colonial Inn, Ogunquit 5, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 21, Massachusetts.

RESTFUL ISLAND RESORT, perfect for seacoast vacation, 20 ferry trips daily. Folder. Squirrel Inn, Box 8, Squirrel Island, Maine.

POCONOS. Outstanding studio housekeeping units. Beautiful estate. Write for informative brochure. The Robbins Farm, Saylorsburg, 6, Pennsylvania.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

JUNE VACATION IN VERMONT. Private lake. Unique woodland setting. American Plan. Hidden Lake Lodge and Cottages, Marlboro, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

MIRROR LAKE INN, Lake Placid, New York. Also lakeshore cottages. Excellent food. Write for folder.

CHASE'S ON TORSEY, Readfield, Maine. Nature at its loveliest, food at its best, widely spaced lakeshore cottages, simple diversions on shore and lake. Booklet.

TRAVEL

JOIN CARIBBEAN CRUISE. 150 foot schooner sails to Bimini, Abaco, Berry Islands, Grand Bahama, Nassau. Ten days of adventure. $175. Sailing, fishing, skindiving. WINDJAMMER CRUISES, INC., P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami Beach phone: JEfferson 2-3407.

"LET'S STOP FOR PICTURES," says your motorcoach driver-guide as you tour the lovely countryside, spectacular mountains and curving beaches of South Africa's Garden Route. His friendly comments en route, the tales he tells over after-dinner coffee, become cherished memories. Touring South Africa costs about $25 a day. Free literature from Satour, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

TRAVEL

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

SAILING VACATIONS—Cruise beautiful Bahamas Out Islands (from Bimini to Nassau) aboard gleaming 96-ft. schooner CAREFREE. Help sail the ship—or relax in the sun. Great fishing and skindiving, fine food, congenial shipmates. From $175. Write or phone: Tradewinds Cruises, Ltd., P.O. Box 774-SR, Coral Gables, Florida. HIghlands 8-6136.

RUSSIA by De Luxe Motorcoach. Fourth consecutive year. American operated, escorted tours exploring country byways, rural villages, major cities. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL. 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients $4.50 and up. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000

VISIT ST. PIERRE et MIQUELON. Last possession of France's North American Empire. Ambiance, cuisine, perfumes, guillotine, gendarmes, francs. Hotel pension $6.00 up. July 1, 1961, one hour flight from Sydney, Nova Scotia. Write M. Pierre Huby, Bureau Touristique St. Pierre et Miquelon, North America, via Sydney, N.S., Canada.

WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

SOUTH SEAS CAMERA CRUISE aboard Matson Line's SS MARIPOSA sailing October 3rd from San Francisco. Learn expert cameracraft from veteran LIFE photographer, Peter Stackpole . . . Capture on film the magic South Seas realm that inspired Gauguin, Leeteg and so many others. Complimentary classes and field trips conducted by Mr. Stackpole assure increased skill as well as a quality photo-record of your cruise. 44-day cruise includes Hawaii, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji and Samoa. The luxurious SS MARIPOSA is all first-class, air-conditioned, gyrofin-stabilized—has private bath with every stateroom. Cruise fares from $1,125. Write Camera Cruise, Matson Lines, Dept. SR, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

NEAREST THE United Nations the nicest hotel . . . you'll agree . . . is the TUDOR. Many of your fellow-guests here are from the United Nations. Quiet, comfortable, handy to shops, theatres and the "sights." Singles from $6. Doubles from $9. Garage. Write Hotel Tudor, 304 East 42nd Street, NYC, or Telephone Area Code 213—YUkon 6-8800.

EUROPE '61—A new and unusual pocket-sized travel guide, with calendar of year's most exciting events, money converter, phrases, etc. Thoroughly practical. Covers 15 countries, including Israel. A MUST for your European trip, or as "Bon Voyage." $3. Dept. S, Europe '61, 155 East 40th, NYC.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1420

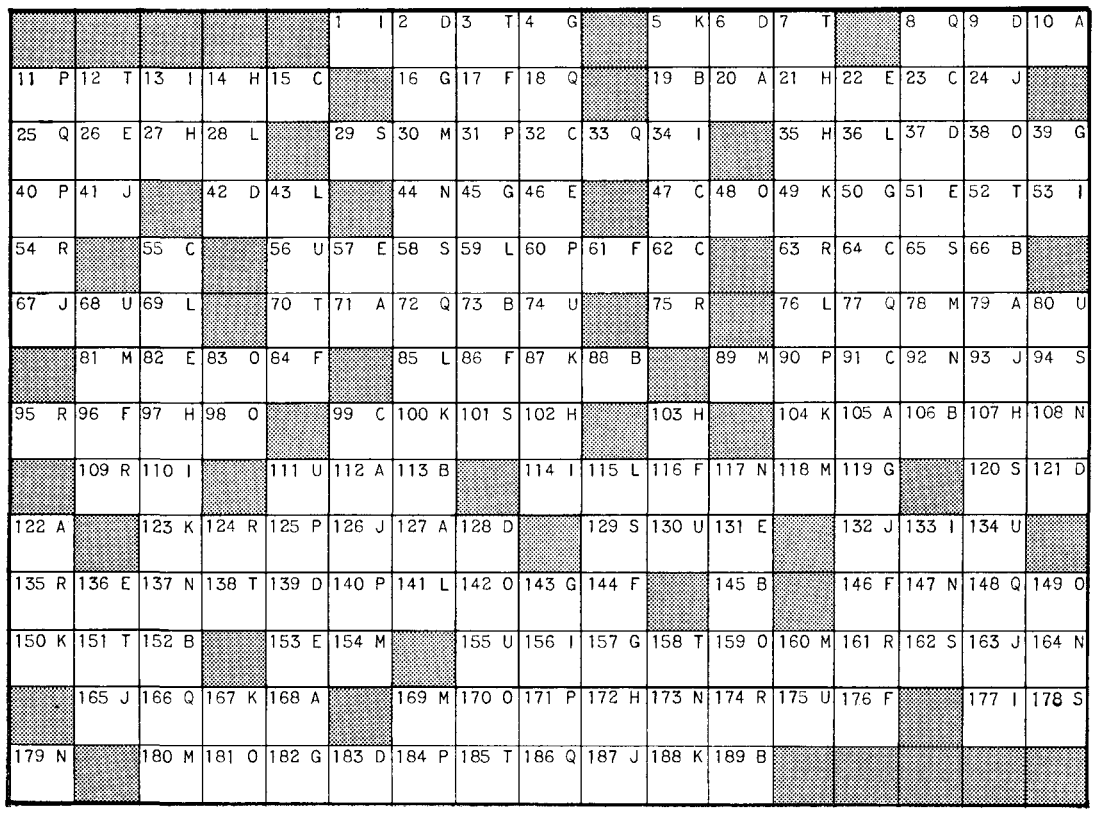
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. How Goldsmith described the village of Sweet Auburn.	79 71 10 112 105 20 122 127 168
B. An empirical proposition in logic.	152 19 189 88 106 113 73 66 145
C. Came to a close by means of (2 wds.).	91 32 15 47 62 99 55 23 64
D. See Word N (2 wds.).	42 2 9 183 37 139 6 128 121
E. Of two paths to travel, the one along the far edge (2 wds.).	153 22 131 51 46 136 26 82 57
F. What "night unto night showeth" in the Psalms.	144 116 86 17 96 84 176 146 61
G. Meaning of the archaic verb rede.	182 4 50 45 143 39 157 119 16
H. French chemist famous for his galvanic cell (1839-82).	27 172 35 97 103 21 107 102 14
I. Eighteenth cent. china made in England.	13 177 1 133 34 114 156 110 53
J. Coevally with the sound of something striking a softer substance (3 wds.).	67 165 163 132 24 93 187 126 41
K. The Socratic method.	87 167 100 49 150 123 188 104 5
L. Natural victims of the scheming stock salesman (2 wds.).	43 36 28 76 59 69 115 141 85
M. Operator of any motor vehicle, serving for pay.	169 81 160 118 154 180 89 78 30
N. English monarch given the epithet "Bluff" (2 wds., followed by Word D).	108 137 92 117 44 147 173 179 164
O. Fake miniature painting, made of colored print pasted face down on glass.	159 83 142 181 48 149 98 38 170
P. Famous corvine refrain.	184 11 90 40 60 171 31 125 140
Q. Barrooms.	25 8 18 33 148 166 77 72 186
R. Great mass of intruded igneous rock, halted far below surface and extending immeasurably deep.	135 95 174 124 109 161 75 63 54
S. Rushing with force and violence.	162 58 29 65 101 94 129 178 120
T. Erythristic.	151 3 158 70 7 12 138 52 185
U. Camp maintained for tourists, which features horseback riding and general outdoor life (2 wds.).	80 130 74 175 134 56 68 155 111

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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MOMENTS OF ARTISTIC TRIUMPH

...on RCA Victor, in Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi

Heifetz, Primrose, Piatigorsky in a stereo première! This magnificent trio performs one of Beethoven's most entertaining chamber works. Then violinist and cellist blend sonorities in the much-performed Kodály "Duo." Collectors' items? Indeed! Such talents appearing together are a musical rarity.

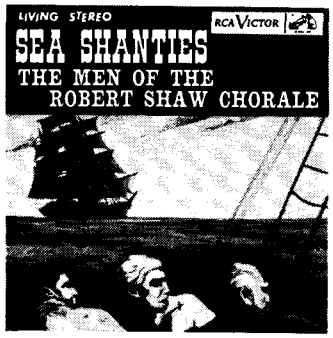
Emil Gilels, eminent Russian pianist, won rave reviews for his U.S. tour performances of this challenging sonata. Evidence of Schubert's flowing melodic gift runs through every passage. A beautiful work...a veritable "nugget" for all music lovers. Artistically, and sonically as well, this is a recording triumph!

In their first joint album, virtuosi Graffman and Senofsky present two important French works, favorites of violin buffs. This is the first pairing of these lovely Debussy and Fauré sonatas. It's also the first stereo recording of the Fauré. You'll marvel at the perfect compatibility of these well-met musicians as they combine their rare performing gifts.

At last, the first stereo recording of the complete "Iberia" Suite. It's a bright musical canvas of Old Spain, abounding in golden melodies and bold strokes of rhythm. Percussion exotica, with whirring castanets and tinkling bells adding brilliant hues! It's the most vivid, sun-drenched sound you've ever heard.

Peerless readings of Sylvia and Coppélia by renowned ballet conductor, Hugo Rignold. His mastery makes familiar melodies sound like stunning premières, lesser-known ones like beloved friends! Listen for exquisite sound in this new recording of these two ever-popular Léo Delibes ballet scores.

Avast, ye lovers of the briny! The sea boasts many "Neptuneful" ballads, and here are 16 of the best! Our mariners, the men of the Robert Shaw Chorale, pipe you aboard with "Shenandoah," "The Drunken Sailor," "Blow the Man Down," "Spanish Ladies" and other sailing, docking and drinking songs.



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